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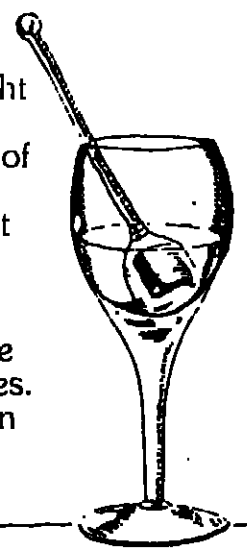
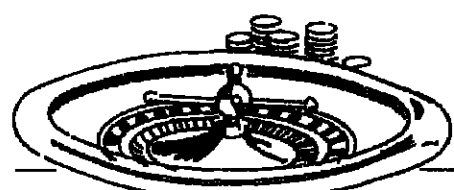
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THE CONFUSION of the members of the Israeli cabinet increased minute by minute last Sunday morning. Deep underground, in the main command centre of the IDF known as "The Hole," they sat and listened as one general after another explained the implications of further cuts in the defence budget this year. Some \$300m. had already been slashed, and what was under debate was another \$150m. cut now being demanded by the Treasury.

The meeting was unusual not only in its location, but also in its composition. The secrets about to be discussed by the forum were usually reserved for the ears of only a few. On Sunday morning, however, almost the entire cabinet, bolstered by a group of civilian advisers and almost the entire general staff and their aides, sat and listened as the military presented its case.

Chief of the General Staff Moshe Levy kept his introduction brief, leaving the specifics to be elaborated by his generals. Ehud Barak, chief of military intelligence, spoke about military trends in the confrontation states.

The deputy chief of staff, David Ivri, gave a general overview of the IDF. The heads of the various arms analysed and projected what was happening and what would happen on land, at sea and in the air over the coming decades, and what the cuts have meant for them specifically. The economic adviser to the CGS presented his problems, as did the head of manpower, the deputy quarter-master general and others.

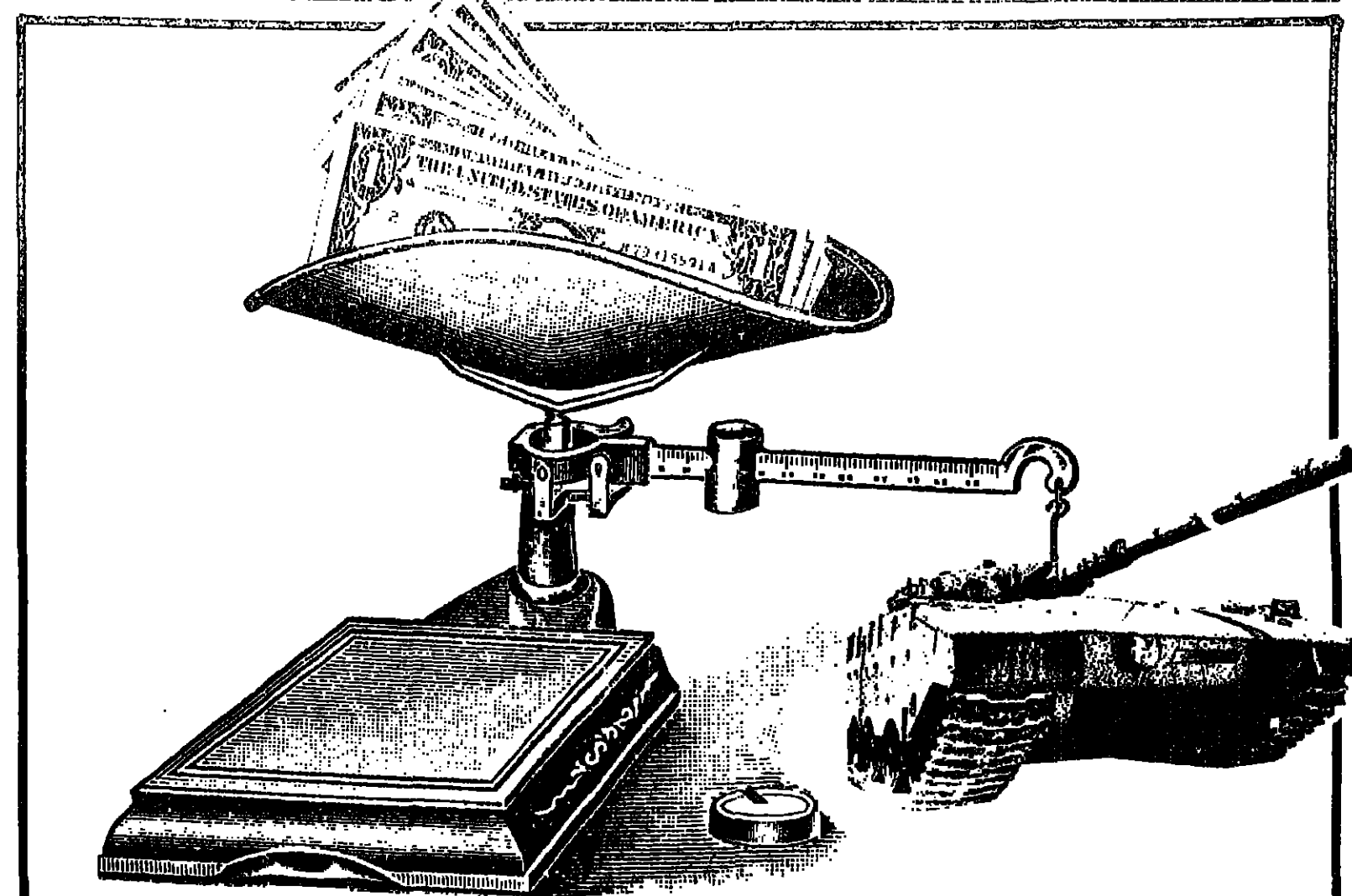
The generals confined themselves to the facts, acting on instructions from Defence Minister Yitzhak Rabin, to present the issues as they were, without the injection of personal opinions. The idea behind the meeting was to "lay it all out on the table" and let the decision be a collective one. The issues were too important to be left to the military alone. The bone had been reached, and the decision to amputate was going to have to be shouldered by the entire national unity government.

SINCE ISRAEL cannot keep up with the quantitative arms race, it must concentrate on maintaining a qualitative edge, where lack of human and economic resources will be offset by superiority in ingenuity, technique and sophistication.

If war cannot be prevented, Israel must at least be able to ensure that it is not taken by surprise; that it will have the time needed for an orderly call-up of reserves; that it will be able to respond quickly to any enemy threat, keeping the war away from the major centres of population, and confined to enemy territory.

In all circumstances, Israel must be able to protect its skies and defend its coastal belt, which holds its population and over 90 per cent of its industry. It must possess the ground forces to throw a defensive ring of steel and fire around three land fronts simultaneously, capable of blocking the enemy and then turning him back on his tracks.

Rabin's philosophy is basically no different from that of any of the defence ministers who preceded him. There have been differences of nuance, not of essence. The problems facing Rabin, however, are unique: never has the enemy been better equipped; never has Israel been so broke. Israel has always had difficulties, but they have never been as acute as now. The Arab confrontation states have spent around \$86b. on arms since the Yom Kippur War. Israel is faced not only with a worst-case potential of 1,760,000 men already under arms, but with 13,650 tanks and some 12,000 anti-



Future in the balance

The issues involved in the defence budget debate are of immense complexity. Decisions taken now could have fateful results in years to come. The Jerusalem Post's Defence Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN surveys the problems facing the decision-makers.

lery pieces organized in 42 divisions that are becoming increasingly sophisticated as time passes.

EXACTLY WHAT constitutes a confrontation state, and how one calculates the exact balance of power, have always been open to argument. But what is not in question at the moment is that the individual Arab armies are constantly improving, and that Israel is having a harder time keeping up with them.

Ironically, in the five years since the signing of the peace treaty, Egypt has been the world's largest non-combatant spender on new weapons. The Egyptian army has undergone a basic transformation from one equipped with Soviet systems to one flying Phantoms and F-16s.

In joint exercises with the Americans, the Egyptians have learned new battle command and communications techniques that have pushed them forward 20 years over the past five. The armed forces are today backed up by a military industrial infrastructure that already supplies all their ammunition and artillery needs, and will soon be making fighters in addition to rockets and communications equipment. This infrastructure is so advanced that Western analysts predict that Egypt will, in the next decade, become a major exporter of military equipment to the Third World.

Jordan will soon be getting F-16s, the only question being whether they will have downgraded J-79 engines, or the F-100s that are found in the Israeli version of the plane. So now Jordan will have not only the same

tanks, anti-aircraft systems and artillery as Israel, but the same aircraft as well.

The Saudis have F-15s, as does Israel, and the Iraqis have not only added three divisions to the army they had before the war with Iran, but have improved their equipment beyond recognition. Whereas Iraq went into the Gulf war with only one major weapons supplier, today it has 18, including many that have placed the West's most sophisticated weapons at its disposal. We have to wait to see what this week's renewal of relations with the U.S. will bring in its wake.

THUS, AS THE ministers learned in great detail on Sunday, the problem is not just one of quantity, but is fast becoming one of quality as well. Not only are the same weapons often to be found on both sides of the border, but in most cases these are weapons that have been specially designed to compensate technologically for the reduction in manpower in the American armed forces after conscription was cancelled. Those technological solutions have been of great benefit to Israel's potential enemies.

Moreover, politically there is very little Israel can do about the trend. In its relations with the U.S., Israel is bound not only by an increasing dependence on the aid package, but also by the logic of Washington's attempts to solidify its hold on the pro-Western Arab alliance.

If Syria and Iran are going to be kept isolated and their ideologies contained; if the Soviet Union is going to be kept at bay; and if more

countries are to follow Egypt and Jordan, the moderates are going to have to be kept happy - and the way to keep them happy is to provide them with arms.

American arms policy is a separate issue, but what is important here is that, for objective reasons, Israel is going to have to face a reality of more and better weapons reaching the other side; weapons that are easier to maintain, easier to operate, harder to defend against, capable of inflicting greater damage than ever before.

This means that if our F-15s are to be able to shoot down Saudi Arabia's F-15s, we have to be able to take the world's most sophisticated technology, like the F-15 or the F-16 or the Hawk anti-aircraft system, and improve it. And in order to do this, we must have a military-industrial infrastructure capable of retaining in this country the necessary brains and technical skills, and keeping Israel on the brink of the next century.

RABIN, who when he was prime minister was often at odds with his defence minister, Shimon Peres, over the question of how much Israel should produce and how much Israel should buy abroad - Peres demanding more independence, Rabin being a proponent of outside purchases - now supports the Lavi fighter project, as does Peres.

To tell the truth, the current debate on the Lavi is almost anachronistic. Over \$700m. has already been spent on the project, and three defence ministers - Weizman, Sharon and Arens - all gave it their approval

after initial hesitation. The Lavi was undoubtedly saved by an act of the U.S. Congress that allowed \$250m. of Israel's aid package, that by law has to be spent in America, to be applied directly to Lavi development in Israel. Though the decision was specifically stated to be "a one-time act that should not be taken as a precedent," the \$250m. has arrived for the third time, making it possible for the first prototype to be in the air by 1986.

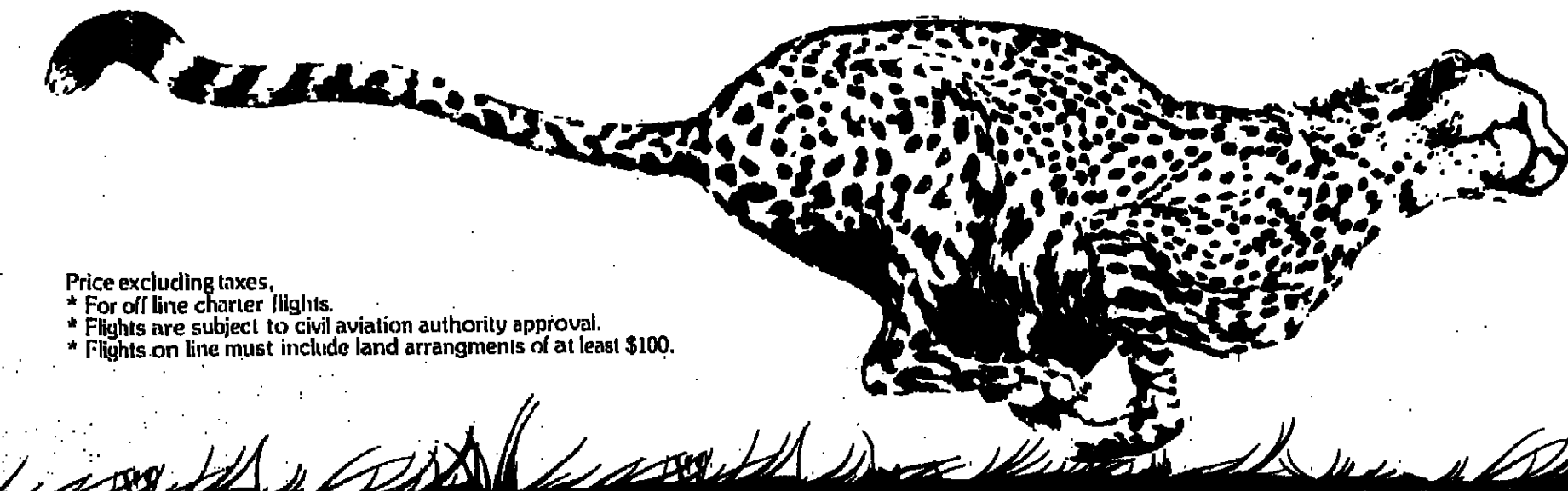
What the Lavi project illustrates, beyond Israel's technological capability, is Israel's dependence on the U.S.

GIVEN THE strategic realities Israel faces, the last thing any of the previous defence ministers was prepared to cut was research and development funds. But they did cut down on stockpiles and other military orders, with a resulting negative impact on the defence-related industries themselves.

The answer to offsetting the strain of both research and development funding and fewer orders to local industries has been to concentrate on exports. If one can believe the headlines, Israel has been successful in penetrating markets from South Africa to China, South America, Central America and even North America. The Swiss buy Israeli ammunition, and Kfir fighters have been leased to the Americans.

But despite the image of Israel as a major arms exporter, the truth seems to be somewhat different. *Business Week* last month placed Israel 15th on a list of 17 world arms

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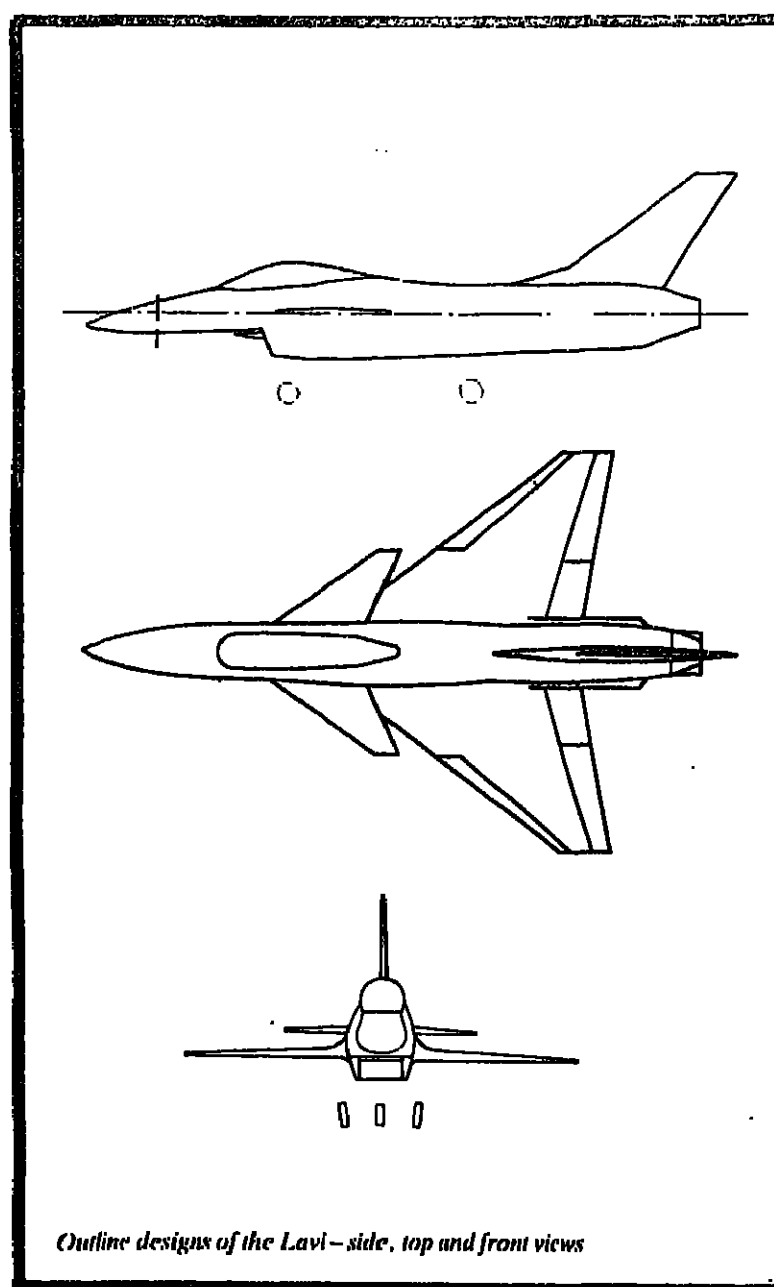
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sellers in terms of orders delivered, and noted that as Egypt, India, Brazil and other countries expand their operations, Israel's portion of the market will be reduced. Over the past 11 years, the number of arms producers has increased 30-fold - primarily in countries that enjoy cheaper labour and fewer political limitations than Israel. In addition, these new producers are specializing in catering to the same markets as Israel, and the competition, already fierce, can only grow worse.

Already, 16 per cent of Israel's labour force is in defence-related industries. Any more cuts in the local defence budget, and not only can we expect mass unemployment, but also the blunting of the very key to our ability to maintain a deterrent until peace is brought about. That key is a military industrial complex which develops and produces the aircraft, missiles, radar systems, intelligence-gathering equipment, tanks, ships and thousands of other items that give Israel the ability to remain technologically ahead of the enemy.

THIS ASPECT of the problem of the defence budget is but one of the many factors the ministers had to consider. Defence spending in Israel is not an esoteric concept, as it is in so many other countries where the possibility of war is less real. While it is relatively easy for the generals to specify what strength the IDF needs to deal with the current threat as reflected by the geopolitical realities of the Middle East, it is far more difficult to calculate what will be needed in a decade from now. Who knows what the face of this region will be by then?

Will Iraq and Iran still be at war? Will Israel and Egypt still be at peace? No one can tell, for it is impossible to predict the personal future of King Hussein, or what will happen in Syria when President Hafez Assad is no longer in power. One also has to take into account that the super-sophisticated weapons now in the hands of moder-



Outline designs of the Lavi - side, top and front views

nate Arabs could land up in the hands of hostile regimes, as happened in Iran.

As the generals outlined for the ministers the direct implications of more cuts in training budgets, stores

and stockpiles, and a shortening of reserve duty, they slowly began to realize the gravity of the situation. With each presentation it became clearer why Rabin and the General Staff were asking for a collective

decision. The ministers had to know the consequences of cancelling special military programmes that were designed to make army service a positive experience and give trades to youth who would otherwise be lost. They had to be made aware that Israeli pilots are today flying fewer hours than before.

No matter how convincing they may have been, the generals were facing an objective problem not easily surmounted: the defence budget is the budget most ministers favour cutting. Not only is it the largest, consuming in direct and indirect expenditure some \$5b. of the \$11b. remaining from the overall budget of \$21b., once internal and external debts have been paid; it is also the budget where projects far from the public eye can be slashed, with all but a few defence insiders, bound by the Official Secrets Act, being aware of the consequences.

It is far easier politically to freeze a top-secret defence project "until we are over the hump" than to cut social programmes. By making the ministers aware of their own dilemmas, by holding the meeting inside the operations room, and by declassifying many details that otherwise would have remained under wraps, those responsible for Israel's security hoped for a fairer deal. They also undoubtedly wanted the cabinet to share the consequences if, because of decisions made now, a future generation of Israelis is faced with another horrific experience like the Yom Kippur War.

THE ALTERNATIVES facing the cabinet as it meets on Sunday morning are not easy ones. If defence cannot be cut by another \$150m., where is that money to come from? Israel has already increased its aid requests from the U.S. from \$1.4b. to \$2b. By doing so, it has increased its dependence on American policy dictates that are not always consistent with Israel's, and that could become even more sensitive to Arab needs as the trend of ostensible moderation and westernization of the Arab world gathers momentum.

The pendulum started swinging in this direction when Jordan and Egypt renewed their diplomatic ties last month and accelerated with this week's resumption of American diplomatic relations with Iraq. And even if aid is increased, that in itself is not a solution, given that almost all the money has to be spent in the U.S., while Israel's main problem is the local military budget.

The trouble with all these steps, however, is that they are only interim, and will not be felt for many months to come. Even cutting the size of the standing army immediately will not save money right away, given the compensation payments that will have to be made, and the possible future social security payments if those displaced from the defence establishment cannot find immediate employment elsewhere.

There are no easy solutions, and the problems are far more complicated than the simplistic calls to "cut the Lavi," or "reduce the size of the army" that have been heard until now.

An end to the war in Lebanon, even if by some miracle that could be brought about during this fiscal year, would also not result in immediate defence savings. The cost of withdrawal, coupled with the building of an alternative security system in the north, would probably be greater in the first few months than the cost of staying there.

It is not even clear whether a cut in defence spending may not end up costing the economy more, as factories close down and men in uniform are marched out to the dole.

Which, in the ultimate analysis, is more damaging to Israel's defence posture: two F-15s less, or \$100m. cut from the education budget of the next generation that will be charged with maintaining the qualitative edge?

If, this Sunday, the axe fails to fall, it should not be seen as a sign of government indecision, but rather an indication of just how difficult the choices facing the ministers are. But one thing is clear: decision is needed, and needed soon.

WE HAVE wars, terrorism, inflation, unemployment, strikes, bankruptcies, mayhem on the roads, a creaky government, a citizenry polarized on ideological and social issues. Why in the world should anybody be upset by a little noise?

First, because we have not just a little noise but, in most inhabited areas, a constant storm of super-noise. It is all very well to say that loud noise is a Mediterranean expression of temperament and joy; but we are a nation of many non-Mediterranean immigrants, and besides, we probably have more widely-distributed sophisticated sources of noise, plus more self-congratulation on our ways with hi-tech, plus more good intentions and laws (unenforced) against noise and other forms of pollution than most Mediterranean countries.

Second, continuing or recurrent loud noise is so distressing to many people that, just like a toothache or a deep depression, it blots out for a time all other and more important aspects of life.

Third, what has come to be called "noise pollution" is not merely a cause of eventual deafness but a severe health hazard in other ways. There is even a new term for this: Socioacoustics, which refers to the social effects of noise pollution.

Did you know that such afflictions as breathing difficulties, high blood pressure, poor vision, poor memory, fast heartbeat, and the ability to concentrate may be caused by noise hammering at the nervous system?

In a paper on the medical implications of noise pollution Prof. Shimon Gitter of Tel Aviv University noted in 1977 that any or all of these ailments, quite aside from hearing impairment, may afflict persons in any Israeli city who live "submerged in a sea of noise," which ranges from 40 to 60 decibels, "with the decibel rate soaring with any passing jet or truck." (A decibel is the unit for measuring the relative intensity of sound.)

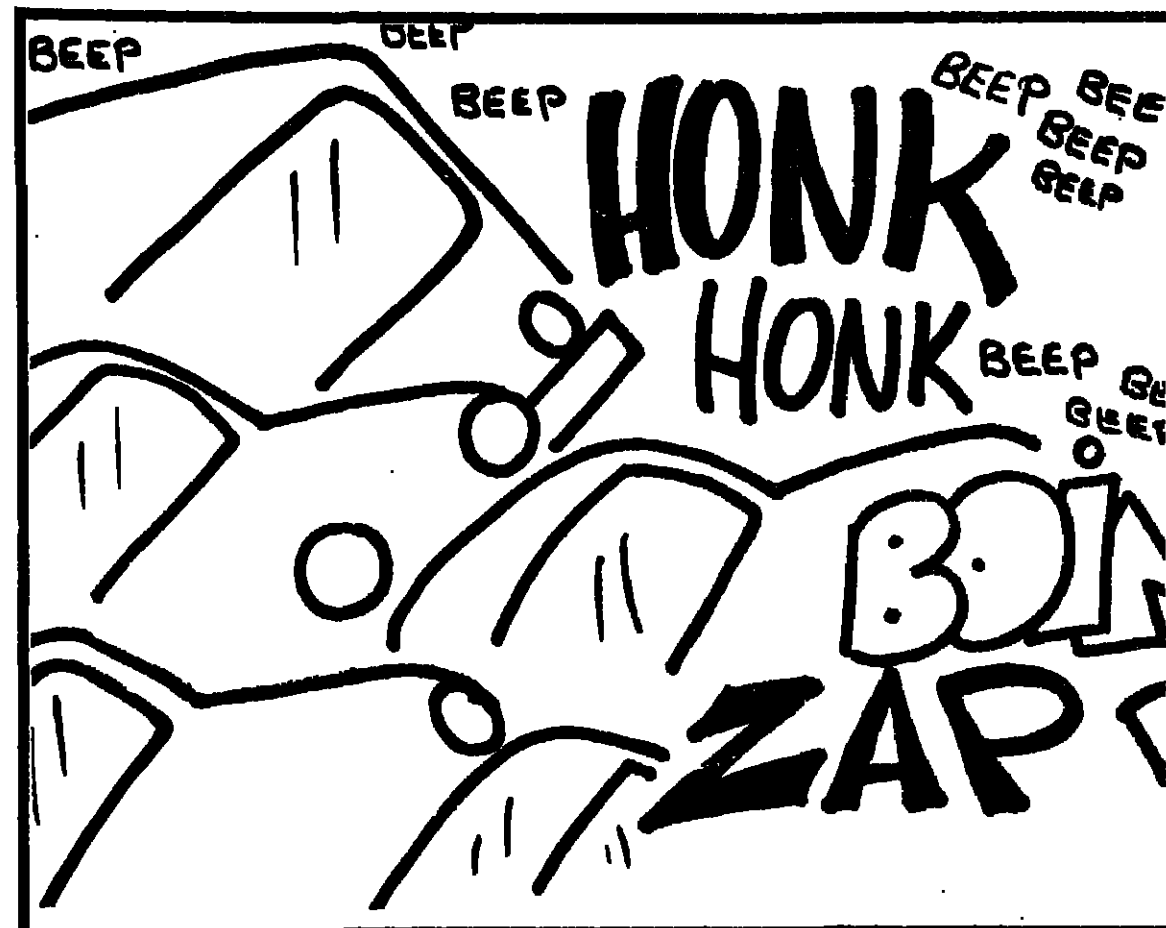
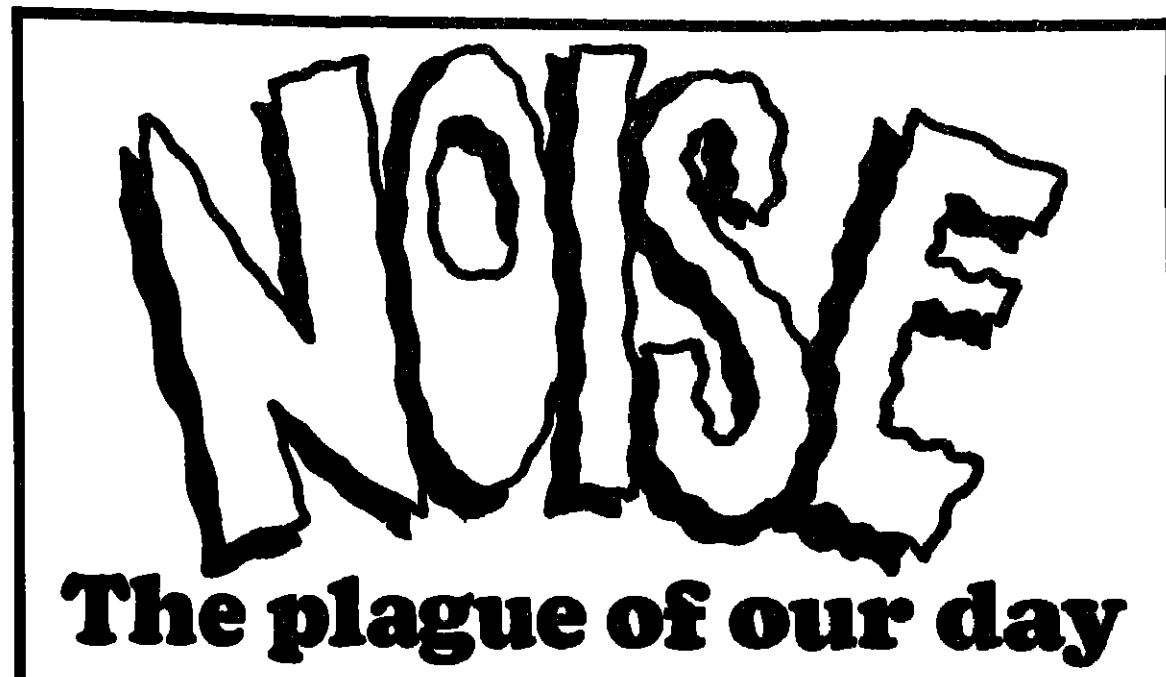
By contrast, a field study among the Mabaans, a primitive African tribe living in an environment with extremely low sound pressure levels, indicated an unusual absence of hearing impairment, even among the very old. And because psychic stress is also usually absent where noise levels are low, the Mabaans, not surprisingly, also showed a singularly low incidence of arteriosclerotic heart disease.

Experts of the once-functioning Israeli Council for the Prevention of Noise and Pollution, Malra, added digestive disturbances and hormonal and blood-chemistry changes to possible ailments caused by high noise levels. Two American physicians published a study in which sore throat, insomnia, and loss of the sexual urge were among the further afflictions caused by chronic exposure to loud noise.

The fourth aspect of noise today in general and in Israel in particular is that it is seen in many circles as a very good thing, an inseparable part of enjoyment and entertainment. Kef, as modern Arabic-Hebrew puts it: something to be amplified as much as technically possible.

This means that we now have two categories of noise. One kind is unavoidable by its nature, or else is seen as an inescapable by-product of building the state or living in modern times. Examples are easy - the pneumatic hammer (120 decibels), the kibbutz tractor (98 decibels), the air raid siren (140 decibels at its source).

The other is boomed at us by modern loudspeakers, because it is assumed that all of us like the message and the volume, and that those



who don't, don't count. Amplified noise as a prime value probably began with rock music. Amplifiers had, to be sure, been available long before - in my childhood, even. But nobody then dreamed of blasting them up to a dangerous level in the name of enjoyment.

HERE IS a bouquet of noises that we all know. Some are in the category of inevitable, to be controlled only at great expense. Others are considered essential to the good life. Industrial factory noise. (A cotton-mill loom and a steel-grinding machine each produce around 100 decibels.) Barking dogs. Snoring of a loved one. Aircraft overhead. (A medium jet, 160 decibels at the source, 40 over Beit Degan or Or Yehuda, a Piper over Herzliya, 22 decibels.) Burglar-alarm, unattended, in empty cars or flats.

Neighbours' radio, stereo, TV. Neighbours' marital squabbles. Neighbours' hobbies, along the lines of machine tools, piano practice. Israeli acoustics engineers agree that local architects largely neglect to install necessary insulation in our flats, because that would add to costs.

The muezzin's call to the faithful,

By Helga Dudman

On decibel charts, an "ordinary conversation" is rated at 40, a "quiet home, quiet conversation" at 30. But the one I have just quoted is an elderly American chart. How many "quiet homes" do we have? We like to speak all together, against the roar of traffic outside and the children inside. The stately hum of the refrigerator is lost in the shuffle, but it, too, adds its decibels.

Religious children do not tend to be any quieter, and nobody would expect them to be. "Shrieking kids anger neighbours" was the headline in this newspaper just a year ago. The neighbours were families in the Old City of Jerusalem, and the children were 70 girls, aged six to 10, in an Aguda-sponsored school. I know where they get their training. Every time I pass an Aguda kindergarten in Tiberias, I barely hear the children over the blast of the songs on the record-player.

Late-night merriment at cafes, night clubs, discotheques. To take just one of a horde of examples, last year, hundreds of north Tel Aviv residents demonstrated to protest the opening of pubs and restaurants in the area which, among other insults, play loud music until 2 a.m.

How loud is loud? Residents throughout the country have en-

listed acoustics engineers to measure such sounds on their Sound Level Meters. The usually ignored provisions of the Kanowitz Law dealing with sound permit levels of up to 50 decibels between the hours of 6 a.m. and 10 p.m., and up to 40 between 10:01 p.m. and 5:59 a.m.

This brings us to the case of the roaring air-conditioner. Here is a sad little story about beleaguered Ata, but from back in 1976, when the Supreme Court upheld a lower court decision that Ata must shut down the air-conditioning unit serving its Kiryat Ata plant, to save the nerves of a next-door neighbour, Ze'ev Schwartz, 1001 80.

The case had started 13 years earlier, when Schwartz, whose bedroom window was seven metres from the massive unit, went to the Haifa Magistrates Court after pleading unsuccessfully with Ata. He produced expert proof that the night-time noise in his flat was four times the maximum allowed, and the daytime noise twice the permitted level. He also proved that his hearing had deteriorated by 15 per cent.

Ata, meanwhile, took expensive measures to reduce the decibels from 60 to 50, and promised to try for a still lower 40; but argued that shutting down the unit might endanger 1,600 jobs.

The court's decision against Ata established an important legal principle: that the individual's right to a decent quality of life comes before any calculations of "greatest good" for the economy as a whole.

HERE IS another Haifa story - dreadful at the moment, but maybe all will turn out well in 13 years' time. It deals with a hotel in a residential area which does a profitable business in weddings and other noisy events illegally, in an open courtyard, to the accompaniment of very loud music. The neighbours have complained repeatedly; the police have opened files on illegal operations; the municipality has even entered complaints against illegal building. Yet nothing has happened - except the arrival of winter.

These details appeared recently in an anguished letter to an evening newspaper from one of the neighbours protesting an article ("I read like an advertisement") praising the "cultural events" and general delights of this hotel. The truth turns out to be very different.

The name of the hotel was coyly omitted in the correspondence column, but I give it here loud and clear: the Vered Haacamel located, of all places, on Kikar Heine. Ah, what would poor ambivalent Heinrich have said about this version of Israeli culture!

How are things in Herzliya, to which people used to move to get away from congested Tel Aviv? In addition to the often-reported aircraft problem, there are - as everywhere else - countless unreported incidents of wracked nerves. Here is one:

A clubhouse in a residential neighbourhood is often used for weddings. The music is now amplified to such a wild degree that one neighbour, an unsung hero, couldn't take it any longer. One evening, to the consternation of the guests, he arrived uninvited and simply pulled out the plug of the amplifier with such force that it couldn't be easily plugged in.

IN JERUSALEM, an unreported but unbearable noise hazard for the neighbours was created by the Ramada Renaissance Hotel throughout the long Israeli summer: the obligatory multi-decibel music

(Continued on page 6)

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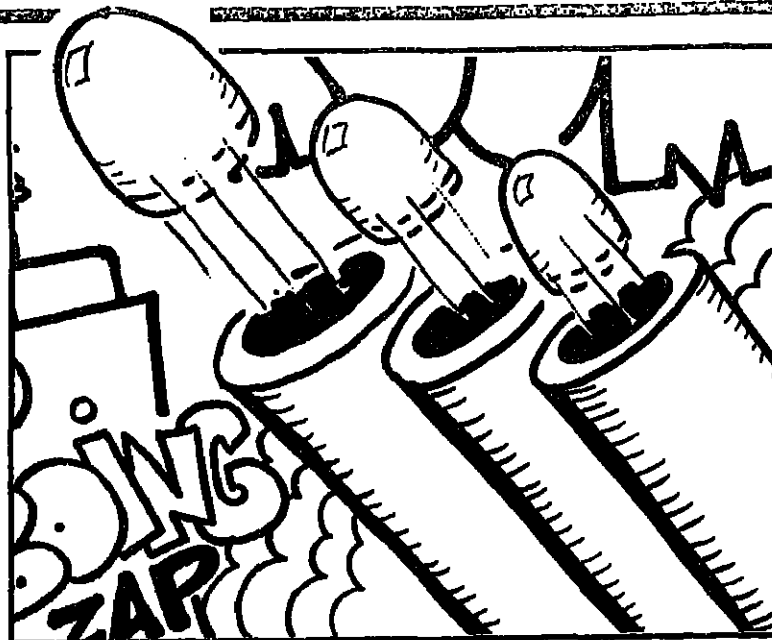
celebrated weddings, barmitzvas, barbecues, and so on around the pool after the accepted 11 p.m. cut-off. Neighbours complained to the hotel, and were told, "Well, that's the way it is." One night the police were called, and the noise abated.

The abused neighbours include reasonable, non-naïve citizens, but to get the other side of the story I also spoke with the Ramada Renaissance public relations department.

"Well, that was summer. Now it's winter," I was informed by a polite PR woman. "Of course we want to be good neighbours. But of course we'll have celebrations around the pool next summer. That's the way things are now. We'll try to make technical arrangements, but it's too early to know yet. Maybe rearranging the orchestra... No, of course one can't have orchestras without loudspeakers nowadays. They wouldn't be heard well enough."

The Jerusalem Municipality is dogged by enough problems; but why it should permit the operation of a new hotel adjacent to an established neighbourhood when its functions include intolerable disturbances is hard to understand. That 1976 Supreme Court decision in the Ata air-conditioner case established the principle that the individual's right to a decent quality of life takes precedence even over the greatest good for the economy. Hotel weddings and barmitzvas, dripping conspicuous consumption, with reluctant guests handing over cheques calculated to cover the hotel costs, can hardly be squeezed into that category.

TO MY SORROW, I have become something of an expert on this whole hotel-noise-manufacturing industry ever since the opening last summer, of the Tiberias Club Hotel. It began with a bang of amplified music on July 1, reaching its incredible peak during the summer holidays. The standard reply to constant neighbourhood complaints was: "That's our public, and that's what they want." (Perhaps Israelis know, and perhaps they don't, in what contempt the local summer holiday



crowd is held in hotel circles.)

Thanks to a miracle of acoustical non-planning, the entire neighbourhood is a kind of wind-tunnel of mass communication, bringing us evening poolside Bingo for tiny children, evening poolside singing contests for tiny children (all off key, but the prize is a bottle of champagne), Hebrew songs, non-Hebrew songs, the forced mirth of the master of ceremonies, poolside aerobic dancing, and now - because business is slow at this season - weddings.

Such is the "Time-Sharing" vacation concept, whereby vacationers



above the permitted ones, both before and after 10 p.m., though we locals all agreed that he had happened to come on a quiet night.

He told us that there were really just two solutions - to stop all activity around the pool, or to build some sort of acoustic shell over the area. Neither, of course, has been done. "You can't rely on human beings," he said, when I asked whether the masters of ceremonies might be told to limit their volume.

"The masters of ceremonies have been told to limit the volume," I have been told since by management representatives when I telephone to complain. "And anyway, this is what we promised our purchasers."

Nobody at the Tiberias Municipality thought to investigate just what was meant by a "Club Hotel" that promised feverish activity practically around the clock. In fact, municipal by-laws from the mid-Fifties, long before even the Kanowitz Law, prohibit "loud" music from cafés or bars that are disturbing to passers-by at any hour. So much for the law. According to the mayor, new and stronger by-laws are in preparation. Whether they will help us next summer remains to be seen.

MEANWHILE Tiberias, with its tradition of tranquillity and beauty, seems intent on destroying its uniqueness. The problem even eats at real, or dollar-earning, tourism, as distinct from Israeli, or time-sharing and wedding-sharing fun financed by residual dollarized shekels. The quaintly-named Hof Hashakeri has a long reputation for noise: its discotheque is a source of alarm for groups of foreign tourists, and if the minister of tourism is serious about this dollar-earning industry, he might arrive incognito some night and see if he enjoys his stay.

As you might guess, they aren't blasting away with Haydn quartets down there, which suggests this law of amplification: "Bad music drives out the good crowds, good music drives out the bad."

This was well and truly proved many years ago in the annals of Tiberias, at a bar called Minus 206. There, whenever the clever owner wanted to get rid of some riffraff who had wandered in, all he did was put

some classical music on the old phonograph, and off they would go.

NOISE TODAY is, of course, a worldwide problem, especially in the developed countries, thanks to the virtues and vices of technology. "Noise is a plague of our day," says Prof. Boris Gapanov of the department of Otorhinolaryngology of the Hadassah University Hospital, as a prologue to an explanation of the damage noise does to the ear. "We have overcome natural plagues, such as many infectious diseases, but we have invented others."

What happens is that some modern appliances became defensive weaponry against others. People regularly fall asleep in front of their television sets, so that the tele, if not the vision, forms a kind of soothing backdrop to other noises. Hotel managers often have their offices, way below ground, in a sort of air-conditioned cocoon, pleasantly undisturbed by what may be reverberating up there at pool level.

The slickest devices in this technological warfare come, of course, from America, where you can buy such things as an Environmental Sound Machine, which synthesizes four naturally soothing sounds "to mask sleep disturbing noise that interferes with privacy or concentration": a Sleep Sound Generator; or a Safety Sound Reducer.

Of this last, a real bargain at \$5.95, the ad says: "If your sanity is gradually being scoured away by roars and screeches... here's a set of ear-plugs that rival the cushiest headphones for comfort. Though the plugs reduce crashes and booms by 17 decibels, you can hear the sound of a reasonably pitched voice."

But if decibels are an objective measure, the individual's reaction to them, as we all know, is not. You may not be aware, though, that the amount you suffer from noise may depend on the colour of your eyes. My source is a book called *The Ear - Diseases, Deafness and Dizziness* by Victor Goodhill, who records a study by two researchers who reported "a correlation between eye colour and auditory fatigue. Blue-eyed subjects showed greater fatigue than brown-eyed subjects."



Eliaz Advertising. Designed by Moshe Perig

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Fri., Nov. 30:
Live And Let Die 2.30
Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom 4.30
Sat., Dec. 1:
The Dresser 7
The Goodfather (Part 1) 8.45
Sun., Dec. 2:
Live And Let Die 4
Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom 7
Night Porter 9
Mon., Dec. 3:
Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom 4
Night Porter 7
Tue., Dec. 4:
Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom 4
Triple feature/ ticket: Best Street 6
Police Academy 7.45
Wed., Dec. 5:
Triple feature/ ticket: Police Academy 6
Best Street 7.45
Thurs., Dec. 6:
Triple feature/ ticket: Police Academy 6
Best Street 7.45
Cine 9.30

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Musical Theater Auditorium
Opening Week
Sat. 7:
Israel Premiere
George Orwell's 1984

Sun. 5.7:
Ben Kingsley & Jeremy Irons
BETRAYAL

Mon. 5.7.9:
Israel Premiere
ELECTRIC DREAMS

Tue. 5.7.9:
Israel Premiere
BILLY FOSTER
"Local Hero"
COMFORT AND JOY

Wed. 5.7.9:
Bill Forsythe
GRANDPAPA GIRL

Thurs. 5.7.9:
MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL

EDEN

RED DAWN
Sat. 7.9:
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: Sun., Wed. 15.50
Rest of week 15.120

EDISON

WOMAN IN RED
Sat. 7.9:
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: Sun., Wed. 15.50
Rest of week 15.120

HABIRA

UP THE CREEK
Sat. 7.9:
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: Sun., Wed. 15.50
Rest of week 15.120

ISRAEL MUSEUM

WE OF THE NEVER NEVER
Sat. 8.30:
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 3.30
THE FOX AND THE HOUND
Tue. 6.30:
SPRING SYMPHONY

KFIR

2nd week
SPLASH
Sat. 7.9:
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: Sun., Wed. 15.50
Rest of week 15.120

ORGL

7th week
PARIS-TEXAS
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.30.9
(no discount tickets)
Tel. 415067

MITCHELL

2nd week
ATALIA

Sat. and Weekdays 7.9

ORION

2nd week
GHOST BUSTERS
They're Here to Save the World
Sat. 7.9:
Weekdays 4.7.9

ORNA

Israel film
RAGE AND GLORY
Sat. 7.9:
Weekdays 4.7.9
Ticket: 15.50, Sun. & Wed.

RON

10th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7.9:
Weekdays 4.7.9

SEMADAR

3rd week
ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BINYENI HA'UMA
6th week
TOP SECRET
Sat. and Weekdays 7.9
Ticket: Sun., Wed. 15.50
Rest of week 15.120

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

2nd week
THE OUTSIDERS
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

BEN-YEHUDA

5th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10.12:
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

BETH HATEUTSOH

Thurs. 8.30:
RABBI ABRAHAM IN THE WILD WEST

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

10th week
RAGE AND GLORY
Fri. 5.50 p.m., 12.30 p.m.
Sat. 7.20.9.40:
Weekdays 4.40.7.20.9.40

CHEN 2

5th week
REUBEN REUBEN
Tonight 10.12.15:
Sat. 7.20.9.40:
Weekdays 4.45.7.20.9.40

CHEN 3

2nd week
SPLASH
Tonight 9.30.12.20:
Sat. 7.20.9.40:
Weekdays 4.40.7.20.9.40

CHEN 4

2nd week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Tonight 9.50.12.15:
Sat. 7.20.9.40:
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.4.40.7.20.9.40

CHEN 5

GREY FOX
Tonight 10.12.20:
Sat. 7.20.9.40:
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.4.45.7.30.9.40

CINEMA ONE

THE CHALLENGE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

CINEMA TWO

BLUES BROTHERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

DEKEL

TROUBLE IN PARADISE
Sat. and Weekdays 7.30.9.30

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10:
Sat. and Weekdays 5.50.7.15.9.30:
Ticket: 15.50, Sun. & Wed. 15.120

ESTHER

LOVE — STRANGE LOVE
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

GAT

4th week
CARMEN
Sat. 6.30.9.30:
Weekdays 3.30.6.30.9.30

GORDON

87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373.
13th week
THE HERD
A new film by the director of Vol
Sat. 7.10.9.30:
Weekdays 4.40.7.10.9.30

HOD

5th week
TOP SECRET
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

LEV I

10th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Tonight 9.30.11.30:
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 1.45.4.45.7.15.9.30

LEV II

5th week
DUTY FREE MARRIAGE
Tonight 9.30.11.30:
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 1.45.5.7.30.9.40

LIMOR

2nd week
BLAME IT ON RIO
Tonight 10.12:
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MAXIM

2nd week
ZIGZAG STORY
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MOGRABI

2nd week
GHOST BUSTERS
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ONLY

Israel Premiere
THE BOUNTY
Sat. 7.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

PARIS

3rd week
ATALIA
Tonight 10.12.20:
Sat. 7.20.9.40:
Weekdays 12.2.4.7.30.9.30

PEER

4th week
HARRY AND SON



* PAUL NEWMAN
* JANE FUND
Tonight 10:
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

SHAHAF

5th week
MARIA'S LOVERS
Fri. 9.45 p.m., midnight:
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

STUDIO

3rd week
KARATE KID
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TAMUZ

Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
3rd week

Liquid SD

Tonight 10.12.15:
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

TCHLET

Big Chill
Sat. 7.30.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TEL AVIV

Israel Premiere
RED DAWN
Today 2.15:
Sat. 7.15.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

4th week
LOS SANTOS INOCENTES
Sat. 7.30.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.30.9.30

ZAFON

8th week
PARIS-TEXAS
Tonight 10:
Sat. 6.45.9.30:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9.30

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* SHO KOSUGA
* LUCINDA DICKEY
Special price: \$1000 during week
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ARMON

2nd week
GHOST BUSTERS
They are here to save the world
* DAN AYKROYD
* BILLY MURRAY
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ATZMON

THE CHALLENGE
* TOSHIRO MIFUNE
* GLEN SCOTT
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

CHEN

10th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

MORIAH

2nd week
CADDIE
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ORAH

4th week
WOMAN IN RED
A terrific comedy
* KELLY LE BROOK
* OENE WILDER
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ONLY

2nd week
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

PEER

World Premiere
RAGE AND GLORY
* JULIANO MAR
* HANNA AZULAI
Sat. 7.9.15:
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

RON

THE BOUNTY
* MEL GIBSON
* ANTHONY HOPKINS
Sat. 4.30.9:
Weekdays 1.6.30.9

SHAVIT

8th week
PARIS-TEXAS
Sat. and Weekdays 6.30.9

ATZMAUT

RED DAWN
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

RAGE AND GLORY
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30.9.30:
Weekdays 7.15.9.30

LILY

4th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10:
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

OASIS

2nd week
GHOST BUSTERS
Tonight 10:
Sat. 7.30.9.30:
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ORDEA

2nd week
MARIA'S LOVERS
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

RAMAT GAN

THE CHALLENGE
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID

LA TRAVIATA
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30
4.30: KING OF THE BEASTS

HECHAL

2nd week
MARIA'S LOVERS
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

TIFERET

4th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.15:
Sun. and Mon. 4.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL

RAGE AND GLORY
Tonight 10:
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

SAVOY

3rd week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10:
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

BAT YAM CINEMA

10th week
RED DAWN
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

FRED ZINNEBANN first came to Israel in 1948, barely two months after the state was declared. The War of Independence was raging, and the new country's new borders had not yet been established. Accompanied by a young — and at the time still unknown — actor called Montgomery Clift, he toured the country from Dan to Beersheba. They went into Ein Gev just as it was wrenched away from the Arab forces; they drove through Regavim when the only building still erect was the WC. They were looking for a story, and found too many. They had just finished a picture called *The Search*, about displaced children in Europe after the Holocaust, and had hoped to find their next project here. But they soon had to give up.

Back in Israel 36 years later, Zinnemann reminisces: "Everything was larger than life, incredible, enormous. If we had tried to make a movie, people would have said it was propaganda. Also, we were becoming sentimentally involved, which is very bad, for in order to tell a story like that, one has to stay objective."

Instead, Zinnemann went back to Hollywood, signed a contract with an ambitious producer, Stanley Kramer, and directed three movies for him. Two of them established him at the top of his profession: *The Men*, Marlon Brando's first picture, and *High Noon*, possibly the most famous Western ever. Since that time, he has never looked back. His films have raked in Oscars. *From Here to Eternity*, *The Nun's Story*, *A Man for All Seasons*, *Julia* — he hasn't touched anything that was less than prestigious; some things became prestigious because of his touch. And if there is such a thing as royalty in Hollywood, Zinnemann certainly belongs in that class.

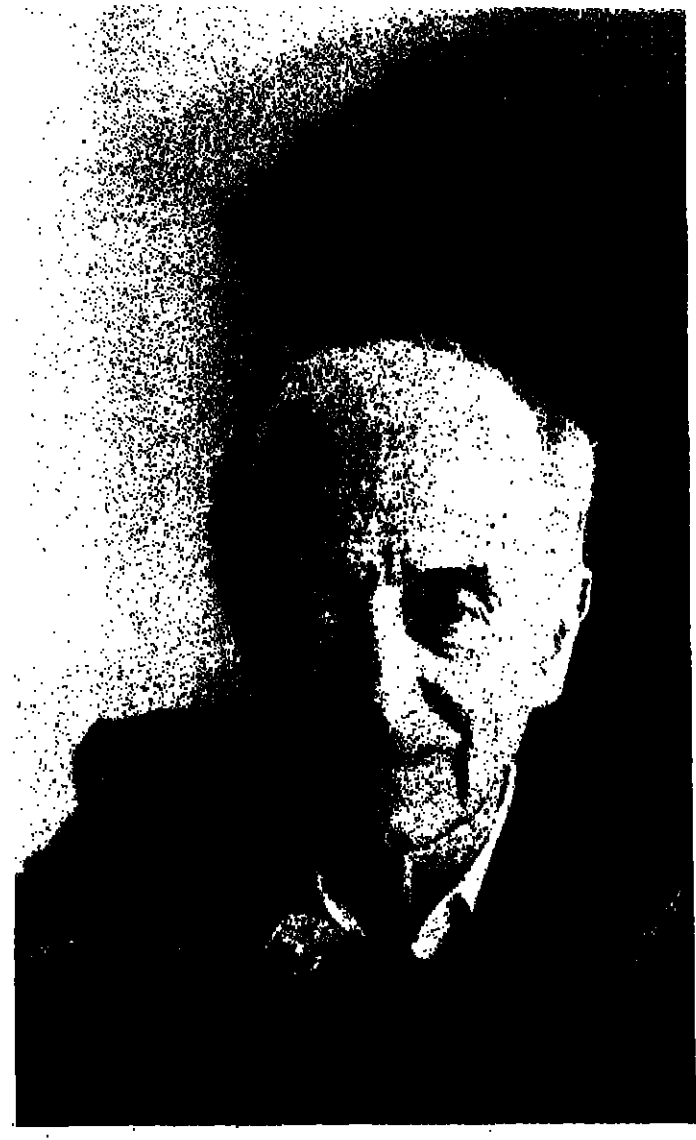
BORN IN 1907 to Anna and Dr. Oskar Zinnemann, he was trained as a child to become a musical prodigy. When he matured sufficiently to realize that prodigies are not made by will-power alone, he decided he would rather be a decent lawyer than a mediocre musician. At the age of 20 he graduated from Vienna University; but by that time he no longer relished the idea of being bored by law for the rest of his life. He had seen Erich von Stroheim's *Greed* and King Vidor's *Big Parade*, and he made up his mind that it would either be cinema or nothing. His scandalized family tried to dissuade him; when he persisted, they agreed that he should at least get some proper training, and he was dispatched to Paris to study cinematography.

Fresh out of school, he went to Berlin to practise his new profession. Perhaps by accident, he had a hand in a revolutionary movie called *Menschen Am Sonntag*, a kind of precursor to neo-realism, put together by all sorts of young unknowns who were to become very famous later. Billy Wilder wrote the script, Eugene Shustan was director of photography, Robert Siodmak directed. Zinnemann just helped to hold the camera, but every book on film history mentions his presence there.

BEFORE ZINNEBANN could settle down in his trade, movies were already changing. Sound was intro-

The director's story

Fred Zinnemann interviewed by Dan Fainaru.



duced and Zinnemann decided he had to go to Hollywood and find out more about the new invention. Long before the Nazis took over Germany, he was on the West Coast, feeling very much at home and never even considering the possibility of returning to Europe, except of course to shoot a film. "I liked the freedom in America, the atmosphere with grey skies, no picturesque little clouds in the background, a look that is gritty and harsh." "He was a real hero to stand the pressure on him," smiles Zinnemann now, remembering the fight to have it that way. Fortunately, Kramer, who was producing officially, was busy else-

where at the time, and Carl Foreman, who had written the script, was replacing him and was prepared to back them up.

LOOKING BACK, it turns out that Zinnemann, who would now pass for a pillar of the traditional establishment, a typical representative of the old school and so on, had a predilection for shocking both his employers and his audience. "Finding the right actor for a part does not mean that you have to pick someone who has been doing the same thing for the last 20 years," he says. "You should try to cast against type, choose an actor who does not appear to be capable of handling the part. For example, Deborah Kerr in *From Here to Eternity*. Up to that point she had played the virgin queen of England, she was considered very cold, and suddenly to play a nymphomaniac was rather interesting because nobody believed it. Therefore the audience were curious when they heard that she was sleeping with everybody in the post. If we had chosen a very sexy person for the part, everybody would have said: 'Of course, what else could you expect from her?'"

A similar consideration was behind his decision to give Clift the part of Robert E. Lee Prewitz, the champion prizefighter who refuses to box after accidentally blinding his friend. Zinnemann still smiles when he recalls the reaction of Harry Cohn, the dictatorial boss of Columbia Pictures, to that piece of casting, a reaction that is probably still unfit to be printed. "But the most important thing for me, since I am not an actor's director, technically, is to get the best possible talent. Instead of making a lot of noise on the set, I prefer to sit with the actor, long before shooting starts, and discuss with him what the character he plays is all about. The top actors are very intelligent people, or if not they have a colossal instinct; and once we discover we use the same wavelength, I don't have much to tell them when we start shooting. I don't believe in telling them what to do in detail, because this has to come out of their own instinct. And I discovered that this way the actor's contribution is much more significant, because he is on his own. I also found out that very great actors like that; it's like a very good horse, it likes to run free."

THIS approach has worked for Zinnemann with actors of every kind and school, from the old hands, the big stars of the '30s, like Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy, to students of the Actor's Studio, like Clift and

(Continued on page D)

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE — British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1944, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in the isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, untypical of British cinema with its sympathy for the cross-currents of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

ATALIA — A Hebrew-language film on a romance between a 40-year-old woman and a 19-year-old man, set against the background of kibbutz life. Starring Michal Bat-Adam.

BEAT STREET — A new Broadway musical directly from the streets of New York.

BETRAYAL — A Sam Spiegel production of the Holocaust. The story of a rather conventional marriage that involves two people best friends and the wife of one of them, but presented in reverse chronological order. Starring Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley and Patrick Hodge.

BEYOND THE WALLS — Israeli director Uri Barash deals with the complex relationships between Jews and Arabs in a maximum security prison. A very good film, winner of the Cannes Prize in Venice.

BLAME IT ON RIO — And blame it on the heat and beat of the music, which causes all sorts of adulterous affairs. A light-hearted film, starring Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna and Michelle Johnson.

CARMEN — Screen version of the opera by director Francesco Rosi. Successful rendition, true to the original by Bizet, with rich characters. Excellent camerawork contributes to an extremely enjoyable film.

CLASS — About a group of disgustingly rich college room-mates. Irrelevant.

DANTON — In Andrej Wajda's film, the French Revolution, used as a symbol for the intention of the filmmaker, the expression of an idealist who has lost his faith. Too relevant to be ignored.

THE GHOSTBUSTERS — Horrifying things are happening in New York City. Most of the citizens are too petrified to do anything. But not the three young scientists who form a group called the Ghostbusters, who aim to save the world. With Dan Ackroyd.

(Continued from page 1)
Brando, to actors trained in the best British theatre tradition, like Paul Scofield.

ANOTHER of Zinnemann's techniques concerning actors is to mix professionals and amateurs. In *The Men*, a film about paraplegic war veterans, there were real invalids next to Brando, who was playing a paraplegic, and this proximity, says Zinnemann, "forces the real actor not to play games but come out with the truth."

Whatever he knows about handling actors, he says, he learned first from a German stage director, Berthold Viertel, whom he was hired to help master the technical intricacies of the profession while still very young. Later, the best lessons he had were from the actors themselves, those who played in his films and through whose work he discovered every time some new aspect of the game.

He also credits the four or five years he made shorts at MGM as the best possible apprenticeship for a film director, learning how to handle

the camera, how to work with actors, how to prepare every last detail in advance (for there is so little time allowed to shoot the film itself), how to tell stories quickly and efficiently. "Nowadays, people working in films, they hardly come up out of the ground and show some promise and there are already those who try to capitalize on that promise. He is surrounded by yes-men and is considered a genius before he has managed to find out who he really is. And it's sad because many potential talents do not learn the discipline that has to go with it."

On the other hand, in the old days it could happen that one was given a little too much time to mature.

After finding himself stuck with a boy wonder called "Butch" Jenkins, Zinnemann balked, refused to accept the script's head office imposed on him, and found himself punished by being suspended.

It all turned out to be for the best, however, as MGM was more than ready to lend the reluctant director to a Swiss producer, Lazare



Wechsler, who was trying to put together a modest production about children roaming all over Europe after the Holocaust.

For Zinnemann, who started as usual by researching the subject, the experience was heart-breaking. He went through the refugee camps across the Continent, interviewed the survivors "who were telling us everything you heard later at the Eichmann trial." He remembers vividly how he went about looking for the right children to play in his film, how he explained to some of those who had escaped the Nazi scourge what was expected of them.

"They all volunteered to be in the film, but when they had to have their heads shaved and put back on their concentration-camp clothes, they became very worried, in spite of the fact that they were told it was only a film. But without these kids, there would have been no film."

The scene he cannot forget is the one in which an American woman in uniform enters a room and addresses the children. The scene was shot in Switzerland and Zinnemann had Swiss kids play side by side with those who had been in the camps. "I wanted the kids to be frightened by the uniform. I tried to explain to the Swiss children what was expected of them, but it didn't register because they didn't know fear. Then I took some of our Jewish kids and I told them: 'Look, this woman is coming in and you think she is German.' And they did it, they were drawing on their own experiences."

IT IS STILL a wonder how Zinnemann survived the McCarthy era unscathed by the watchdog committee safeguarding the purity of the Hollywood-American spirit. After

all, his Mexican documentary had clear socialist connotations; *High Noon* was plainly an allegory on the dangers of fascism (the author of that script, Carl Foreman, had to flee to London).

And yet Zinnemann went on, speaking his own mind, calmly. While John Wayne and Ward Bond were furiously attacking the movie as an insult to the Western, and Howard Hawks declared that he had made *Rio Bravo* in order to show that a real sheriff doesn't have to go whimpering and ask for help to keep the peace, Zinnemann himself maintained all the time that, as far as he was concerned, his film was not a Western, but a story about conscience. As for John Wayne, "I had a lot of affection for him, he was a very nice man, but a little *meshugge*."

"The committee left me pretty much alone. They didn't ask me too many questions. I was just lucky, I suppose. But the truth is also that I never joined the many communist groups existing in Hollywood at the time. They asked me but I refused. I am a social democrat; I brought with

(Continued on page 1)

THERE CAN BE no doubt that *Athalia* is first and foremost Michal Bat-Adam's movie. As the stubborn, individualistic and highly private widow who rejects the conformism imposed by a kibbutz but still lives there, who flaunts her independence even while submitting to the life pattern of the community, Bat-Adam brings to the part something beyond mere acting. Maybe it is deep identification with the role, possibly personal experience. Whatever it is, the feeling that this is a person who values her own privacy above everything else is passionately conveyed by Bat-Adam in one of her best performances on screen.

Any attempt to compare Akiva Tzvet's movie with the Yitzhak Ben-Ner story of the same name is useless. For while the script (by Zvi Katzner) does use some of Ben-Ner's elements, the plot is far removed from his, and the film has finally to stand on its own merits, which are fair but no more.

Athalia is supposed to be a middle-aged woman (this is the only point where Bat-Adam fails, for she doesn't look middle-aged), whose husband was killed in combat many years ago, leaving her with a daughter, now 17, in an environment she

Private relations

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

hates for its narrow-minded attitudes and its strict rules, but which is nevertheless her home.

The movie, covering several months of Athalia's life (unlike the novel, which spans many years), is basically a love story, with Athalia and Matti, a young boy, half her age, rejected for military service because of a heart condition, as the protagonists. In the frame of the kibbutz society this is, of course, an unacceptable relationship.

Athalia's reaction is one of frustration and anger at having to face the judgment of her peers, their critical comments and their accusing glances. For the boy, it is a disturbing experience, as he is torn between his allegiance to his native environment and his deeply ingrained ideas

and his feelings for this strange and sometimes impossible woman.

USING THE Yom Kippur War as the background for the story enables Tzvet and Katzner to put this confrontation between the individuals and the community on a wider basis, for it deals with the boy's commitment not only to the kibbutz society, but to his people and his country. When war breaks out, he has to decide whether to stay with Athalia or whether to volunteer for whatever job he is permitted to do given his physical condition.

More issues are thrown in for good measure along the way. For instance, Matti is broken-hearted when he is refused admission to a crack unit. Or the attempt of Athalia's senile father to drive away the Arab women working in the kibbutz fields, for he still clings to the pioneering ideal that forbade the employment of non-Jewish labour.

All of which, put together, is quite respectable, and could have been much more than that but for the lack of experience of the director and the scriptwriter. For there is sort of remoteness in their approach, a kind of coolness and refusal to be in-

(Continued on page 1)

(Continued from page 1)

me the great Viennese tradition of social democracy, I didn't believe in the kind of revolution the communists were advocating. Of course, everybody at the time had to sign something called the Loyalty Oath, but even Brecht signed it," he recalls with a smile.

That Zinnemann is Viennese, nobody can doubt. After 55 years, he still has a clear trace of a German accent. He was one of the drove of European directors who invaded America in the Thirties - one of the first to arrive, in fact. He is persuaded that this immigration had a beneficial influence on Hollywood.

"After [Ernst] Lubitsch, American cinema wasn't the same. It's like going to Australia and finding that the food is terrible. Then the immigrants come, some Italians, some French, and the cooking gets better, they learn how to use the right ingredients."

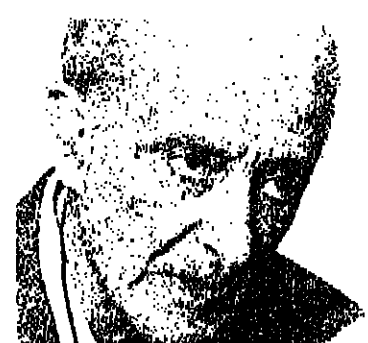
"There were cinematic masterpieces in America long before the immigration, but the Europeans added a touch of subtlety, of sensitivity. People like Lubitsch and Billy Wilder certainly made a difference."

Zinnemann's own trademark has always been his earnestness. Indeed, he seems to be a man devoid of levity. When, some 20 years ago, a British magazine asked him to pick his favourite movies, he selected 22 titles, and there wasn't a single comedy or musical among them. "I can't remember offhand any musical that has left a lasting impression on me," he says now. "As for comedy, of course I do consider it - but I prefer other things."

"When the movie came out, however, she started to be very irritated by Kahane's Jewish Defence League people, who were putting white mice in the cinemas. The next time we met was a very trying moment in my life. It was at the Oscar ceremony; she was sitting next to me; she went up to make a speech; everybody liked her; at the very end of the speech she mentioned the Zionist hooligans, and you could feel the temperature dropping. Then she came down and kissed me and with two thousand people looking... that's the fun of being a director."

PROBABLY HIS MOST painful professional experience was connected with adapting André Malraux's *A Man's Fate* for the screen. He had worked on it for two-and-a-half years with writer Han Suyin, everything was prepared, and he was about to start shooting when MGM changed hands and the new boss decided to scrap the production on the grounds that it was too expensive. "But I must say I thoroughly enjoyed the research I did during those years. I learned how important it is for Oriental people to save face, which is why they smile to hide their feelings until they can smile no more and then they explode."

Another project that never mater-



ialized was a film version of one of the greatest love stories ever, *Achard and Heloise*. "But it would have been enormously costly to do it now, all in costume, and I can't imagine which actor could take the part. As for Heloise, the only one I can think of would be a young Vanessa Redgrave."

Now that's a name you can't mention in Jerusalem without inviting further queries. Zinnemann directed her in *Julia* and she got an Oscar for her performance. "At that time I didn't know about her PLO connections," says Zinnemann, "but we all knew that she was far left of Trotsky. I told her I wanted her for the part, but please, without any politics; she said she had to think about it, and agreed. All through the picture she was fine, all she tried to do was sell her newspaper to the crew, and they all laughed. But they liked her because she is a fascinating person."

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ZINNEMANN smiles whimsically. We have been talking for quite a while, but then how long should it take to encompass a career of 50-odd years? There are so many things that have been ignored. How about the new breed of actors ruling the screen nowadays - Pacino, de Niro, Hoffman? "Wonderful actors. But I find

it difficult to compare them with the likes of Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable. I don't know how to explain it but I don't lose my head over them the way I used to over the older breed."

How about the new movies, would he add anything to that list of his favourites mentioned above? "My memory is not very good, but just offhand, pictures like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Chariots of Fire* or the new film about Vietnam, *The Killing Fields*. They certainly belong in such a list."

What does he think of today's films generally? "I am afraid they are much more trivial, less imaginative than they used to be. Possibly because this is what the audience demands."

How about a next project? Yes, he has discussed with Chaim Potok the possibility of doing *The Dybbuk*, but when Warner Brothers saw the budget, they backed off and said it was too expensive.

One might think that Zinnemann at 78 would prefer to lay off the camera and take it easy, but for someone who has been active all his life, that's impossible. "As long as one can transmit emotions, he should keep on working. There are no age limits."

So how about a movie in Israel? "It's the first time I've been back since 1948, and the contrast is really incredible. What can I say after a couple of weeks? One is of course very aware of the tensions that have to do with the economic and political situation. But in spite of it, if you dig deep enough, you find that people are very optimistic. Or, at least, very courageous. Still, in order to make a movie, one would require a minimum six months of research, and some very good writers who could refer to the fundamentalist versus progressive conflict, or possibly combine it with politics. I am afraid, for me it's too much, right now."

And I feel I may have imposed too much on his courtesy. It was pretty clear from the moment he arrived in Israel that he was on a private visit and media attention would be intrusive. But he did go to the Jerusalem Cinematheque on Sunday, when three of his films were shown. He hasn't shown any signs of irritation during the interview, but some people should learn not to overstay their welcome. Journalists, especially. □

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Sun. at 1 pm: *Danton*
9:30 pm: *Danton*
Mon. at 7 pm: *Don Giovanni*
dir. Joseph Losey
10 pm: *Si Dieu Crea la Femme*
dir. Roger Vadim, with B.B.
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Black Stallion*
7 pm: *Sing Your Heart Out*
dir. An Nashef
9:30 pm: *Blue Collar*
dir. Paul Schrader
Wed. at 7 pm: small hall
Marco Polo - part 4
7 pm: *The Chosen*
dir. Jeremy Paul Kagan
9 pm: small hall *Montparnasse 19*
with Gerard Philippe
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Far From the Madding Crowd*
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9:30 pm: *Redeemer*
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This Week in Israel • The

JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

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2. Visitors are advised to purchase tickets for Saturday in advance at the Museum or at ticket agencies: Jerusalem - Klafing; Tel Aviv - Rococo, Heiran, Kustal & L'An; Haifa - Giv'at Arbel Center; Netanya - Signal; Be'er Sheva - Mercus. GROUPS AND CLASSES must reserve a visiting time in advance by phone by calling: (02) 698275.
3. The exhibition continues until January 5, 1985.

CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS

Zigl Ben Haim. sculptures and assemblages (Billy Rose Pavilion). Until Dec. 2
David Tarkenton: *Produce of Israel* - graphic works on cultural, social and political subjects. Until December 1
Moshe Kupferman: Paintings, works on paper
Meet the Israeli Artist - (Ruth Youth Wing). For children. Artists present in the gallery on Tues. 17.30-19.00; Wed. 10.30-12.00
Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology
AT THE ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM
Photography - Five children (Paley Center, near the Rockefeller Museum)
Egypt: The Other Side of the River - funerary objects from Ancient Egypt

EVENTS

FILMS

Saturday, December 1 at 20.30
WE OF THE NEVER NEVER (Australia, 1983)
Dir. Igor Euzim, with Martin Vaughan, Tony Barry
Tuesday, Dec. 4 at 18.00 and 20.30; and Saturday, Dec. 6 at 20.30
SPRING SYMPHONY (Germany 1983) Love story between Clara and Robert Schumann, with Nastassja Kinski
CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., Dec. 2; Mon., Dec. 3; Wed., Dec. 5; Thurs., Dec. 6 at 16.30
THE FOX AND THE HOUND (animated from Disney's Studios)

LECTURES AND GALLERY TALKS

Monday, December 3 at 16.00
MAURICE SENDAC. Seminar on the illustration of children's books, with Yardenia Hadas (Ruth Youth Wing Library)
Tuesday, December 4 at 18.15
THE ARMAND HAMMER COLLECTION
Gallery talk with Lella Smith, the Armand Hammer Foundation (in English)
Wednesday, December 5 at 20.30
AMERICAN ART Lecture with Dr. Ayelet Shefer (in English)

SPECIAL CONCERT

Monday, December 3 at 20.30
PINNA SALTZMAN (piano) and URI WEISEL (cello)
Beethoven Sonatas and Variations 1

CHILDREN'S THEATRE

Tuesday, December 4 at 18.15
LEGENDS AND FOLKTALES (Arab and Jewish)
Dir. Yossi Graber, with Ark Smith's Puppet Studio and Beth Hagafen Workshop
Courtesy of Pauline Rezanati, London

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Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.30
Archaeology Galleries - Special Tour: Monday at 15.00
Shrine of the Book - Special Tour: Tuesday at 15.00
Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thursday at 15.00
Rockefeller Museum - Special Tour: Friday at 11.00

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Recycling Workshop: Monday 14.00-17.00; Tuesday 16.00-20.00

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Graphics Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00
Tisha House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.30; Fri. 10.00-13.30.
Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-15.00; Sat. closed.
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Tickets for Saturdays available in advance at the Museum and at the Klafim ticket agency, Jerusalem, and Rococo in Tel Aviv.

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This Week in Israel • The MUSEUMS TEL AVIV

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Photo Archives: Sun., Thurs. 9.30 am–12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am–2.30 pm.
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EXHIBITIONS

1. "World of Yesterday – Jews in England, 1870–1920"
2. The Enigma of the Calvary Menorah

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EVENTS

1. Immigrants' Stories – Jewish Immigration to England 1870–1920
Participants: Bill Fishman, historian, University of London; Geoffrey Paul, editor of "The Jewish Chronicle"; Prof. Lloyd Gartner, Tel Aviv University; William Frankel from London.
Saturday, December 1 at 8.30 pm
2. "The Jewish Year – Feasts and Holidays" – a series of 8 monthly lectures. This month: Hanukkah – the festival of light – sources and parallels of beliefs and customs. Lecturers: Prof. Dov Noy, Rabbi Chaim Pearl. The lecture will be conducted in English.
Thursday, December 6, 1984 at 9.30 am.
Admission fee: IS700 per lecture; friends of Beth Hatefutsoth: IS500.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 425161. Buses: 13, 24, 26, 27, 45, 49, 78, 74, 274, 672.

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JERUSALEM now has a venue for out-of-the-way concerts: the Zionit Confederation House's new premises on the edge of Yemin Moshe, which can be approached from Jaffa Gate and Mamilla Street. Its hall has slightly more than 100 seats, and will in particular present recitals by participants in the Young Musicians' Group at Mishkenot Sha'ananim, which is sponsored by the Sharett Fund for Young Artists of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation.

This group numbers some 30 to 40 music students who form their own chamber music ensembles, and which meets regularly under the guidance of Haim Taub, concertmaster of the IPO, and Oded Shur, the director of the high school at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem. Their hall is the Jerusalem Music Centre. The collaborative work of various agencies – the AICF, the Rubin Academy, the Music Centre – has now been reinforced by the ZCH, which is devoting an evening a month to the Group's recitals. Last Saturday, five young musicians between the ages of 14 and 16 performed Schubert's heavenly String Quintet in C Major in the new hall, under the supervision of Zvi Hurel, the cellist. They gave a very respectable reading of this demanding score, and worked together like experienced musicians. They received warm applause from a capacity audience, and provided much more than an immature if well-meant recital. Obviously, a year of preparatory work on the part of devoted teachers had gone into it, and much self-sacrificing study on the part of these young musicians.

The December recital in the Young Performers Series sounds ex-

Music-hall

MUSIC & MUSICIANS Yohanan Boehm

citing. Luciano Berio will direct. The programme includes 32 duets for violin written by the composer for this group. Approximately 20 violinists will participate in this Israeli premiere. (December 22, 6.30 p.m.)

THE MUCH-LOVED cellist, Leonard Rose, died a fortnight ago after a long illness. I first encountered this marvellous musician in September 1961, when the Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio made its triumphal appearance at the First Israel Festival. I later observed this admirable artist as a soloist and as a teacher in master classes. His quiet – one might say aristocratic – manner captivated his students and audiences.

Leonard Rose was born in Washington, D.C. on July 27, 1918. He won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, and later became the assistant principal cellist with the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini. Then he became the principal cellist of the Cleveland Orchestra under Artur Rodzinski, and directed the cello class at the Cleveland Institute of Music for the following four years. Later, he worked with the New York Philharmonic for eight years, and then began to tour as a soloist. He taught at the Juilliard School of Music in New York from 1947, and at the Curtis Institute till 1962. He also edited several works of cello literature, and recorded with Isaac

Stern the Brahms Double Concerto, which is regarded still as a classical recording. His dignified personality and warm musicianship will be remembered by all his friends, many of them Israelis.

THE ORGAN in the Church of the Redeemer in Jerusalem's Old City has been given a face-lift. Over the last few weeks, two experts from Germany took most of the instrument apart and inserted more pipes and connections. The results of the expansion in sound and strength were tested at the Lutheran church last night, when a special recital was given by Elisabeth Roloff of works by Du Mage, Bach, Alain, Franck, Widor and Mendelssohn. The newly-installed registers represent a remarkable improvement.

The organ was originally installed in 1971; since 1972 regular concerts, initiated by Kazuko Ishida, have been a popular part of Jerusalem's music life. Elisabeth Roloff, who came to Jerusalem on visits from Paris, fell in love with the city; her visits became more and more frequent, and in 1982 she decided to start a class for organ at the Rubin Academy of Music in the capital. Since then she has given numerous recitals here. The shortcomings of the local instrument were felt by her and others, and the appropriate persons in Germany were persuaded, finally, that the Church of the Redeemer needed urgent assistance to enlarge the registers of the organ. Roloff will also give a series of 12 recitals, on Thursday nights, between March 21 and June 13, 1985, which will present the complete music for organ solo by Johann Sebastian Bach, in honour of the tricentennial of his birth.

(Continued from page 13)

voled, which is all the more strange considering that Akiva Tzvet was born and raised in a kibbutz. Looking at the drama from a distance, many of the easy solutions and definitions are too simplistic to be acceptable.

Criticizing kibbutz society for being petty, old-fashioned and at times suffocating is one thing; painting it completely black is another. Also, to provide a real conflict, the relationship between Athalia and her lover should have been truly unusual. For that, she would have to look like a worn-out, tired and pretty tough character; he would have to be innocent and helpless. But, as already mentioned, Bat-Adam's only problem here is her looks, which are much too good for the part, while Yiftah Katzur, playing opposite her, is too feeble and unfocused a character to attract her sexually or even to appeal to her maternal instincts. An affair between these two doesn't appear very exceptional either, for while she looks younger than her part, he looks older than his and even within the restricted moral horizons of a kibbutz, this couldn't be considered a real scandal.

Tzvet's inexperience is evident mostly in his direction, or should one say non-direction of the actor, who have a hard time finding the camera. In most cases Tzvet and the camera in front of them and they deliver their lines and then go far as it goes.

Given the high professional standard of Nurit Aviv, the visual side is more than satisfactory, and several clever parts, such as Gail Ben-Ner playing Athalia's daughter, embellished by her mother's refusal to comfort, or Dan Ronen, as her boyfriend, are very sympathetic.

So is the whole film. A pity, for it could have been so much more. THERE ARE, as a rule, two kinds of Canadian movie. The French, strongly influenced by European cinema and mostly concerned with social and political issues. And the English, trying very hard to ape Hollywood's commercial output, and coming out second best, even when they use Hollywood-trained talents on the pretext that they have a Canadian passport.

But there are exceptions to every rule, and *The Grey Fox* is a happy one. Made a couple of years ago by a Tyro film director named Philip Borsos, at the time only 28, and bearing all the trademarks of a traditional pseudo-Hollywood product, (for what else could a Canadian Western be?), it turns out into a beautiful, elegiac kind of historical recollection, sometimes very close to Sam Peckinpah territory (and of open frontiers and defeat of free spirits by organized capitalism), but never stepping into it.

The script was inspired by the later adventures of Bill Miner, a highway robber who once rode with such luminaries as Jesse and Frank James, and who was released from jail after finishing a long sentence. In 1903, at the age of 61. Not having any other profession, he turned back to his old ways, robbing trains and was soon back to the "wanted" list.

But Miner had charm, and endeared himself with the simple folk in the small towns which he hid. When finally caught again, at least one jury refused to find him guilty, for as one juror explained, "he was robbing trains once or twice a year and the trains are robbing us day in, day out." This is the kind of reasoning that made Bonnie and Clyde, 20 years later, folk heroes of the Dust Bowl when they picked banks for their victims.

RICHARD FARNSWORTH, a stuntman turned actor in his old age (he is now 64) gives a beautiful performance as Miner, never attempting any sort of heroics, but exhibiting a kind of whimsical and amused acceptance of life as it is.

Borsos helps him nicely, by underplaying the action and combining it with a sort of nostalgia for a time gone by, possibly not a perfect time, but a more humane and simple one. But he is clever enough never to harp on this sentiment, keeping the story going at the right pace, giving it a humorous twist here and there, and adding just the right amount of romantic interest. Sure, facts have been brushed up a little and even prettified, as even Farnsworth, interviewed at Cannes, conceded, but maybe this relates to another point in the film, which is rather unexpected in your traditional kind of Western.

Peter Bogdanovich once advanced the theory that one could study the history of the West through the films of John Ford. Picking up on this theory, Borsos chooses here to deal with that period where the West met the medium that was about to turn it into a myth, the cinema. Walking into a nickelodeon, Bill Miner sees *The Great Train Robbery*, that famous Porter film still credited by many as the grand-daddy of all Westerns and an early (1903) milestone in the definition of cinema language.

All through his film, Borsos introduces pieces of old, silent classic Westerns, somehow inviting us to reflect that we may be looking at that exact stage in history when reality becomes legend and is thus beyond any moral standards and has to be judged as such. Indeed, this is the mood of the whole picture, part fact, part fiction, blended in a happy combination.

A HOTELIER of my acquaintance once remarked to me that three major factors contribute to the success of a hotel; location, location and location. I assumed that the same would hold true for restaurants.

Thus, I was rather puzzled to note, a few months ago that a sort of restaurant or bar – I wasn't sure which it was – had opened in what appeared to me to be a rather forlorn stretch of Jerusalem's Rehov Keren Hayesod. Named Cactus, it advertised Mexican food and drinks.

I didn't think much more about it until recently, when one of the owners called to encourage me to visit his establishment. He assured me that although it has a wide range of drinks, Cactus is indeed a restaurant serving meals.

The cuisine is Mexican, or to be more precise, Tex-Mex, and it is definitely not kosher.

What was not clear to me, was how a restaurant of that sort finds its clients, so far from the watering

Chilly con carne

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

holes of Rehov Rivlin. One answer lies in the fact that there are four large hotels in the immediate vicinity.

The restaurant may or may not be within the letter of law in marking its prices in dollars on the English side of the menu, in shekels on the Hebrew side.

IF, INDEED, tourists make up a sizeable part of the clientele, the owners may well find a distinct drop in trade until they install some sort of heating. Not everyone likes to eat with his/her coat on.

True, a certain amount of heat was provided by the hot sauce, which appeared on the table as an accom-

paniment to corn chips, the product of a local company. It was the same corn chips that appeared a few moments later, covered with melted cheese, chopped meat, and more hot sauce, as nachos, an appetizer. We found it excellent.

Even better was the guacamole, an avocado purée served on a bed of shredded lettuce. Delicately seasoned, it had just enough lemon juice to lighten the flavour of the avocado, without overpowering it. Nor did the chef make the common mistake of throwing every spice in the kitchen into the mixture.

THIS I followed with enchiladas, a dish in which soft tortillas were wrapped around chopped meat and

onions, covered with hot sauce and topped with a big glob of sour cream. No doubt any *bona fide* Mexican would have turned up his nose at the dish, but having never crossed the Rio Grande myself, I found it quite adequate.

I doubt if tortillas will ever replace pitot as a local staple, but it was nice to have a change. Indeed, I commented that had my sister-in-law still been married to her half Chicano ex-husband, and had they visited Jerusalem, I don't think I would have been ashamed to take them to such a place.

Meanwhile, my companion was enjoying the chilly con carne, a dish of red beans with meat in a thick, hot sauce. Curiously, while my portion was extremely generous, including a large portion of rice and excellent refried beans on a giant platter, my companion's chile was somewhat skimpy, filling a rather small bowl. I suspect that the size of the portions had something to do with the table-

ware the proprietors happened to buy.

I MUST ALSO add that, in addition to such North American favourites as chili-dogs and chili-burgers, Cactus also has such dishes as chili-kebab, which I assume are a concession to local taste. Perhaps in time we will see a whole new school of Israeli Tex-Mex cuisine blossoming forth in the wilds of Ramat Hasharon.

Dessert took a new culinary turn, this time towards Central Europe in the shape of strudel – and a very good one too. Which was lucky, because although two others were listed on the menu, neither was available.

The Turkish coffee was strictly local and good.

The bill for two, including two beers apiece, to quench all the fires ignited by the hot sauce, came to IS14,400, including a 10 per cent service charge. In view of the latter, we added no tip.

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INTERNATIONAL:

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16.3M Spiderman 17.00 Po
Super Book 18.1M Bonanza
1.1M 20.1M Another Life

VOICED CLOCK
6:02 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, Saint-Saëns: *Romance*
7:07 *Isaac Stravinsky: The Firebird*, *Symphony No. 5*, *Ballet: Roma*
8:05 *Haydn: String Quartet Op. 71*
9:30 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
10:05 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
11:05 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
12:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
13:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
14:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
15:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
16:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
17:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
18:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
19:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
20:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
21:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
22:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
23:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*
24:00 *Arvo Part: Divertimento*, *Op. 71*

vienna symphony, vienna
conductor: george prete
conductor: christi ludwig

Babbalanza, *Interpretation*, Mase - Vox
 Amzing, *Stimor*, for Orec & S.
 Gould/Pine-250; Aution Hardip
 dange Secu, *Interpretation*, Mase
 250; Gould/Pine-250; Car. Bay
 250; Gould/Pine-250; Car. Bay
 250; Gould/Pine-250; Car. Bay
 1965 Gould/Pine-250; Car. Bay
 1965 Gould/Pine-250; Car. Bay
 Declins, Violin *Concerto*, M.
 Schubert, Trio up on *Concert*, The
 Casals, recorded in 1926
 20, 30 Portrait of Tenor Fritz Wunder
 20, 30 Portrait of Tenor Fritz Wunder
 Arco; Brahms String Quartet op.51
 (Luske)

RADIO 1s
 6.05 Programmes for Olim
 7.30 Morning Concert (from Vox
 Music)
 9.30 Encounter - live family and
 affairs magazine

Technical Brochures
Education for all
Inward young

13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.00 Children's programmes
15.55 News on a Book
16.05 Programme for Senior Citizens
17.12 Jewish Ideas
17.30 Eyewitness: University, Political
space
18.06 African Art Classes
18.47 Book Reading
19.05 Lesson in Helsinki
19.30 Programmes for Old
22.05 A Friend from the Same Planet
2nd

...Call - with Ricka Michael
...Shades of the Network - mon

magazine

12.12.10 Open Line - news and music
13.12.10 Middle - news summary, more
14.06.10 Matters of Interest - with Gail
15.05.10 Magic Moments - favourite oldies
16.10.10 Safe Journey

17.12.10 Economics Magazine
18.09.10 Men and Figures
19.06.10 The World We Knewest
19.05.10 Today in Sport
19.05.10 Today in Travel
19.10.10 The Jewish People
20.08.10 Fiddlers Magazine
21.15.10 Sing for the Road
22.05.10 Stage and Screen
23.08.10 Night Game*

Army

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Dutch choreographer Helga Langen's *Duet* (music: Billie Hollis-

point, a sentence was called for – and came – from the audience about a

then the old saying that "off-the-cuff" speeches are not worth the

Parry, who has a more varied background in dance than most

man, who teaches at the Academy
High School which the girls attend. C

1

Many players would have been discouraged by North and would have not thought of bidding game. But the Duke of Atholl in the South seat "did not come 3,000 miles to pass."

The pre-emptive prevented East-West from reaching a diamond contract in which they could have made ten tricks. ♣

The bidding, with the British sitting North-South:

East	South	West	North
1♥	Pass	2♥	Dbl
3♦	3♣	Pass	4♣

All Pass

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31. Rb1 Re7 32. Kg2 Kc8 33. h4 Kd8
34. h5 h6 35. Bg4 Ba8 36. Bf5 Bb7
37. Kf3 Ba8 38. Kf4 Bb7 39. Rf5c3 Ba8
40. Re5 Re4 41. R5c3 c6 42. R5c3
43. g4 Kb8 44. Rcl-c2 Kc7 45. Rcl
Kb8 46. Rc5 Kc7 47. R5c2 Kb8
48. Rd2 Kc7 49. e4 d4 50. f6 Kb8
51. R5c1 Rd8 52. Rd3 Rd8 53. Rd2
Rd8 54. Rd3 Rd8 55. Rd8 Rd8
56. Rd2 Rd6 57. Rd3 Rd8 58. e5 Ka7
59. Kf2 Kb8 60. Be4 Re6 61. Rd3c3
Kc7 62. Rl Rd8 63. Bd5 Rd8
64. Kf4 g5 65. h6g5 66. f6g5
67. Be4 Rf8 68. Kg3 Rg7 69. Rh1 Rg8
70. Re6 Kb8 71. Rg6 Re7 72. Rh6
Rf1 73. Rh6 Black resigns.

39. Nc4 Qd7 21. Rc4 Rf6 22. a3 Rd8
23. Na5 Re6 24. Bh3 Qe7 25. Rd4d4
Rd4 26. Rd4 Bld7 27. Be6 fe6 28. Qh7
Qe5 29. Nc6 Qd7 30. Qd2 Bf6 31. Qh3
h5 32. Qc2 Qh1 33. a4 Qf3 34. Qf3
35. Ka3 Qd6 36. h4 Qh2 37. a6 Qh3
38. Ka4 Qh1 39. a7 Qab 40. Qb3 h4
41. Qc4 Qn1 42. Qe6 Kf7 43. Qc4 g6
44. Ne5 Qll 45. Kc4 Qll 46. Nd3.
Black resigns.

J. MESTEL **N. DAVIES**
1. d4 g6 2. f4 Q7 Bg7 3. e4 e5 4. d5
5. Nc3 N46 6. e3 d7 7. Bg5 h6 8. Be3 e5
9. Qd2 h5 10. 0-0-0 a6 11. h4 b5
12. Nh3 Nhd7 13. Nf2 Qa6 14. Kb1
Nb6 15. Bd3 Bd7 16. g4 Rf8 17. Bg5
hg4 18. Bf6 Bf7 19. Ng4 Bf7 20. Qe5
bc4 21. h5 Na4 22. Na4 Bc4 23. Rd2
cd3 24. hg6 Be2 25. Nc2 d6 26. Kc1
Qa2 27. h6 Kf8 28. Nh7 Kc8 29. g7
Qd7 30. f8N Bf1 31. Nf8 Kc7 32. g7

**NIGEL SHORT CIRCUITS
BRITISH FIELD**

GM-ELECT Nigel Short, 19, extended his hot streak by winning the 1984 Griesvorn Grand British Championship, scoring 8½-2½ in the 11-round, 64-player field. Despite an early loss to IM David Strauss, Short was among the leading group all the way. Wins over GM Tony Miles and IM James Plaskett near the end of the event paved his way to first place.

Tied for second at 8-3 were GMs Murray Chandler and John Spelman and James Plaskett. IM Pra-

Kb6 33.Qd6 Ka5 34.Qc5 Rb5
35.Qc7 Rb6b6 Qc5 Rb5 37.Qc7 Rb6
38.b4 Kb5 39.Qc6 K44 40.Qb6 Qb1
41.Kd2 Qh1 42.Qc5 Kb4 43.Qb3
Kb5 44.Qc2 Rb4 45.Qb3 Kc5 46.Qa3
Kc4 47.Qa6 Rb4 48.Qd6 Kc4. Draw

OLD GEM

White - Kb1; Qc4; Rd1; Rg1; Bg2;
Pa2; b3, d2, e5, h3. (10)
Black: Kb8; Qc8; Ra8, R7; Bc7;
Nb8, Nf5; Pa7, b7, h7. (10)
1.c6 Rf6 2.Qf5 Qf8 3.Rdf1 Ne6
4.Qf6 Bf6 5.Rf6 Qg7 6.Rf8 Rf8
7.Bg7 Kg8 8.Bf8f. (Morphy - De-
lanoue, Paris, 1858).

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White - Kd1; Rb1, Rc7; Bf4; Nb7;

veen Thipsay of Angus finished first with 7½-3½. Miles and fellow CIM Johnatan Mestel had disappointing results. Miles finished with a large group at 7-4, while Mestel dropped out after six rounds with 3-3.

N. SHORT **T. MILES**
 1.ed.c5.d4.c5.3.ed5.e5.d4.c5.d5.Nf6
 2.N3.d5.d5.6.Nf3.N6.7.d4.Ba6
 8.Qc3.Bf3.9.g3.N6.10.Be3.e6.11.0-0
 Be7 12.d5.e5.13.Bb6.a6
 14.Nd5.0-0.15.Rg1.Bf6.16.Rg4.Ra5

Pa4,c2,c3,f2,h2.(10)
 Black - Kuf6; Ra2, Rg2; Be8; Nf5;
 Pa7,d4,d5.(8)
 1.Rc61.B6.2.Nc5.Ka5.3.Be7.
 (Ivkov - Portisch, Bled, 1961).

AKT OF ATTACK
 White - Kc1; Qc1; Bf2; Nh3;
 Pb2,d4,f4,h2,h5.(10)
 Black - Kc7; Qc2; Rd6; Bh6; Ne4;
 Pb4,b6,c7,e6,f5.(10) Black to play.
 1... Qa6.2.Kxh1 Nd2.3.Lx2 Qe2
 4.Re1.Rc8.(Vasyukov - Kuznetsov)

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Michael Kfir and Yossi Pollak as father and son in "Boochie" by Yosef Bar-Yosef at the Haifa Theatre, Stage 2

Photorealism

THIS IS a report on four plays, two of them American and two Israeli, which are showing at present on our stages. They have one thing in common: a laboured and highly artificial realism. A play which pretends not to pretend, which presents its plot and gestures and talk "just like in real life," is further from genuine reality than a symbolic and suggestive one, and the one-track meaning, the single possible interpretation, lack the impact of the "open work of art" which lends significance to a drama. These plays are the kind that impress by reminding us of what we already know anyway, and are highly forgettable.

American Buffalo (Beit Leissin and the Gipsy Theatre), is by David Mamet, who has rapidly become the most recent "genius" of the Western theatre. His plays are seen everywhere on the most prestigious stages. He has an ear for dialogue, a feeling for everyday situations, and a certain skill in character drawing.

This play takes place in a junk shop, cluttered with all the left-overs of the American Way of Life - and Eli Sinai's set has caught the pathetic character of this cluttered backlot of American glamour. The owner, a friend of his, and a rather backward messenger boy are the figures in this setting - all three of them remnants of the American dream, symbolized (rather heavily) by the buffalo, which also appears on an old and presumably valuable nickel coin. They plan a breaking-and-entering job in some detail. They talk a lot about it, but never get around to doing it.

The meaningless life led by many people is quite well drawn; so are their attempts at getting rich quick, which are as unimaginative and petty as their lives.

Their speech is in keeping. They express themselves in drab and shallow language, employing for emphasis and colour the most worn-out obscenities of the American tongue, the four-letter words recurring with tedious frequency.

It must be said immediately that it doesn't work well in Hebrew. Even in Tal Rubinstein's toned-down translation, most of the crude dialogue falls flat. Nevertheless, to my astonishment, I saw many young

THEATRE Uri Rapp

people laughing heartily at the vulgar expressions, which did not even have a descriptive suggestiveness.

Yosef Shiloah as the shop-owner did quite well; the acting of Moshe Iby and Ze'ev Shimsioni was not very impressive, though Iby, in a highly nervous and jumpy performance, presented an outwardly quite funny character. Tal Rubinstein at 23 is already a skilled director, but her direction was "square" and lacking in imagination.

Similarly "true to nature," photorealistically, was *Akeida* by Ira Dvir (Yuval Theatre, Neveh Zedek). *Akeida* means binding, and is used in Hebrew exclusively for Abraham's attempted sacrifice of his only son Isaac. In modern Hebrew literature it is often used as a term for the repeated sacrifice of Israel's young generations in wars.

The play presents two fathers who meet regularly at the graves of their sons, both war casualties. There is almost no action, but some delicate and sensitive dialogue. The message seems to be that war is a bad thing, and that the bereaved must go on living with a sense of guilt. We have had it before, and presumably will have it again, in more profound works.

The production is well worth seeing for the strong and impressive acting of Yossi Yadin and Gabi Amrai, both seasoned actors. Yadin's strong personality adds a touch of real art to this play.

THE PRODUCTION *Boochie* by Yosef Bar-Yosef, at the Haifa Municipal Theatre Stage 2 (Wadi Salib), deals with a subject which is at present attracting a great deal of attention in Israel: the return of the lost son, who has renounced his religious upbringing, to the bosom of his family in an Orthodox Jerusalem neighbourhood.

Bar-Yosef knows how to construct a drama, and also knows his *Yiddishkeit* well enough to intersperse the play with many suggestive allusions to the religious milieu. He also has

some distinctive characters, most of them too one-dimensional. The emotions are sometimes touching, but tend to verge on the sentimental.

The one really interesting character is that of the daughter and sister, unhappily married, still living in the stifling parental atmosphere, dreaming of the world outside and deeply disappointed in her returning brother. Ofra Weingarten plays her well, and her sudden changes from a sullen and bitter face to a sadly smiling one are good acting.

The action falls flat: the son is not really penitent; he only returns because he has failed in the big world (meaning Tel Aviv) and is being pursued by threatening creditors. The confrontation lacks depth and tension, and the very important subject of apostasy and repentance is missed entirely.

Boochie may gain popularity with the public because of the nostalgic appeal, which in the past has brought success to many other superficial plays. Gedalia Besser has done his best with it, and knows how to use theatrical effects to advantage; there are a few moving scenes, some of them overdue. The actors act correctly, with no great dramatic flair.

The set captures the atmosphere perfectly: lower-middle-class, traditional Jerusalem compressed into a stiflingly oppressive living-room where people coming and going bump into each other all the time. Adrian Vaux, a newcomer from England, has in a short time become one of our foremost stage designers, who succeeds in adapting the scenery to the requirements of the action, and not only in photorealistic plays.

Adrian Vaux also did the stage design for *War at Home* by James Duff, again fitting the style, this time of a well-to-do American middle-class home. This play, about homecoming from Vietnam, deserves, and will receive, a more detailed review. For the moment, let me say just this: from time to time, sadly infrequently, Habimah is able to show that it has some excellent actors who are able, under good direction, to extract a moving experience from a middling play. This one is well worth a visit. More about it next week.

AS FAR AS sleuthing goes, they're not exactly in the same class as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin, or even Perry Mason and Paul Drake - but then Haim Kaynan and Haya Zel are in a somewhat different line of detective work. Their speciality lies in tracking down sound.

If it's been recorded, and the record still exists - even if it's the one and only copy - you can bet your sweet life that sooner or later either Kaynan or Zel will find it.

There's no yellow-page listing for this dynamic duo in the phone book; but if you want proof that they can deliver the goods, tune into Kol Israel's Second Programme at 8 a.m. any Saturday morning for Kaynan's weekly feature, *She'ela shel Ta'am, Matter of Taste*.

On any given Shabbat, you might, within the span of a single hour, hear the speaking voice of P.T. Barnum, somewhat scratchy after close to a century of use; the singing voice of Charles Laughton; a speech by Trotsky; and the original recording of the Maccabi March, played at the opening of the second and seventh Maccabiah Games, made in Czechoslovakia in 1933.

Hearing forgotten and often unknown sounds erupting from beneath the layers of history is a fascination in itself; but Kaynan goes one better by filling in all manner of background data - some of it relevant, some of it trivial, but all of it interesting.

Zel is the producer and research expert, endowed by nature with the patience of Job, the memory of an elephant and the perseverance of Robert Bruce's spider.

Nothing is too much for her. She will assiduously explore every avenue of information: encyclopedias, newspaper morgues and the files of overseas radio stations. She is a familiar figure in university libraries and the offices of press attaches to foreign missions. In addition, she has acquired a cadre of experts and volunteer researchers who enjoy nothing better than to be consulted and entrusted with a task.

A coterie of regular listeners, all of them record buffs, often supplies recording or information about recordings unobtainable elsewhere.

SHE'ELA SHEL TA'AM was not planned in its present format. It just evolved that way.

A little under three years ago, Kaynan, who was looking for a niche in radio, was approached by Kol Israel's entertainment division director Gilad Ben Shach to do a programme along similar lines to the BBC's *Anything Goes*. There had been an almost identical programme on Galei Zahal, the army radio station, 20 years earlier, and Ben Shach wanted to revive it.

Kaynan was an ideal choice for programme host because he had grown up in radio, working as a children's announcer from the age of nine. After doing his military service in Galei Zahal he continued there after his discharge in a civilian capacity. With the advent of television, Kaynan went to America to study the medium where it was most highly developed, and remained in the U.S. for 11 years, editing a Hebrew-language radio programme on New York's WEVD.

Returning to Israel nearly six years ago, he was snapped up by Kol Israel, where he dabbled in a variety of programmes, searching for something compatible with his own interests.

For his pilot project, Kaynan put together 28 items and went to air in October 1982, with *inter alia* a seldom-heard recording of Paul



Haim Kaynan and Haya Zel in the record library and in the studio.



Newman singing, a performance by singing dogs, and Elvis Presley bursting into hysterical, uncontrollable laughter in the middle of a concert.

AT THE BEGINNING, Kaynan had not planned to do any research, but the filing system at Kol Israel makes research irresistible. Every item in the record library is filed in a cross-reference card index. LPs are filed according to the label, on the sleeve as well as under each individual track. Any composition recorded by more than one performer has all the separate listings, including chronology, on one card. Notations are also made of songs, which have undergone name changes, or which have been adapted from folk tunes whose sources are unknown.

Thus, anyone referring to the card index may, at a glance, discover that a popular new Israeli song has in fact been sung for decades across the steppes of Russia, or that some popular Yiddish folk song had its origins in the North American prairies, where it was first heard by an immigrant German cantor who translated the lyrics into Yiddish and schmaltzed up the melody.

It's this kind of trivia that has a mesmerising effect on a widespread and growing audience, which is willing to sacrifice a Saturday morning sleep-in in order to listen to the programme. Not all of Kaynan's faithful fans are happy about having to rise so early on Shabbat. He once received a petition with 30 signatures to change the programme to a later hour and briefly shifted it to noon. But that was an even less popular time than 8 a.m., so he moved it back.

Several months ago, someone wrote in asking to hear an obscure blues singer and cabaret artist by the name of Alberta Hunter, who had

Charles Laughton, Paul Newman and some dogs have all made records as singers. They are among the infinite variety of recorded sounds listeners can request in a weekly Kol Israel programme. The Post's Greer Fay Cashman reports.

Sound track

been a bar-room performer in Chicago in the 1920s and 1930s. She later became the toast of European cabarets, but in the mid 1950s dropped out of show business to become a practical nurse. Many years later, the hospital administrators, thinking she was 70, forced her to retire. In fact, she was 82. Hunter's talents were rediscovered at a party and she became a regular and much-acclaimed performer in Greenwich Village, where Kaynan himself happened to hear her. She kept going till this past summer, and died in October, aged 89. It took some time for Zel to locate a Hunter record, but once again there was a reward for her patience and resourcefulness.

A lot of the requests are steeped in nostalgia, but not all the listeners are middle-aged or elderly. The youngest fan to make himself known to Kaynan and Zel is 17-year-old Eyal Eizler, of Haifa, who has a fantastic collection of Edison Bell records and 78s which are no longer available and which he is prepared to share with Kol Israel.

Among the older listeners is retired Education Ministry examiner, Henryk Alexander of Tel Aviv, who has a magnificent collection of Polish and Russian records which he puts at Zel's disposal. He is also delighted to be called on for programme research and devotes innumerable hours to this without remuneration.

Another valued source of information is Ephraim Shertzer of Ashkelon, who somehow comes up with something when everyone else has drawn a blank.

The oldest recording still preserved, in case anyone wants to know, is *Mary Had a Little Lamb*. Since the programme began to gather momentum, fan mail has averaged 50 letters a week. There have been in excess of 1,300 individual requests. The one for the voice of Trotsky was made by Nahum Sneh, son of the late Israel Communist Party leader, Moshe Sneh.

It is truly amazing what turns people on, and how much one can learn from other people's likes. It's just a *Matter of Taste*.

Zaritsky the king

Gil Goldfine

"ZARITSKY A retrospective" is the abrupt, understated title of the most comprehensive exhibit ever afforded an Israeli artist.

After years and years of appeals, Joseph Zaritsky, at 93 the unchallenged doyen of Israeli art, finally agreed to this mammoth effort, a fully documented show of some 340 drawings, watercolours and oil paintings.

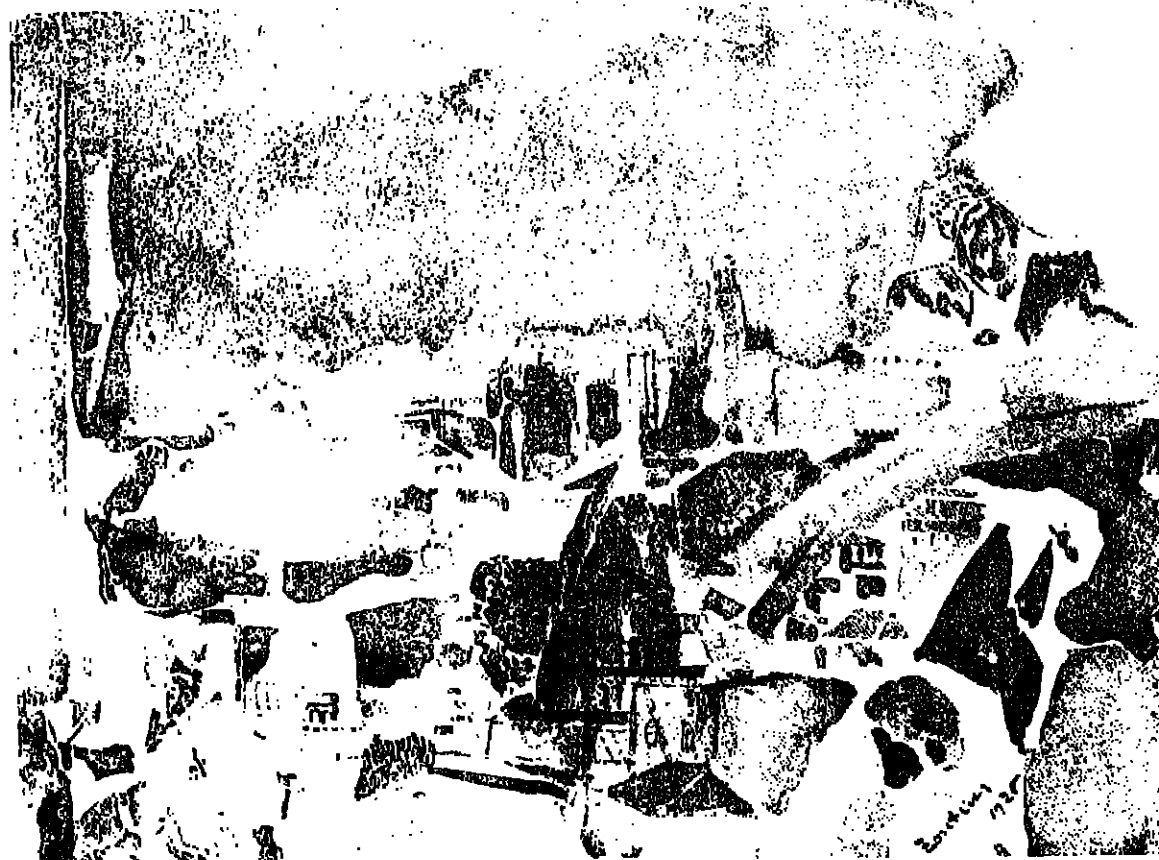
Celebrating 60 years of an artist's creative life is an herculean task. Here, the spectrum is complete, as the threads of place and circumstance intertwine with the avenues and boulevards recording influences and pioneering breakthroughs. Dr. Mordechai Omer, the museum's guest curator for the retrospective (and biographer of Zaritsky) has stacked the Tel Aviv Museum's three major halls with an inordinate number of works, in some cases an excess that goes no further than to prove a point

that links several lines into a whole picture. From the early beginnings until the most recent canvases, Zaritsky's works, small watercolours and large oils alike, indicate his willingness to experiment, to search, to understand the dynamics of picture-making - all combined with a special sensitivity for organizing pictorial space; an ability to draw in the abstract; and his lyrical mode of applying pigment and choosing colour. Further, Zaritsky's respect for his materials can be equated with the subject he has chosen to paint, resulting in a noticeable "physicality" of the surface, one that represents an ongoing dialogue between the artist's emotions and the finished, tactile-oriented, picture.

ZARITSKY WAS born in the Ukraine in 1891. He studied at the Art Academy of Kiev until 1914, then served in the Russian Army from 1915 to 1919. After marrying and living in Bessarabia for several years, the Zaritskys emigrated to Palestine and settled in Jerusalem in 1923. Zaritsky immediately became active in the Association of Hebrew Artists, exhibiting watercolour landscapes in the now legendary Migdal David exhibits of the '20s.

Zaritsky's early years in Eretz Yisrael were devoted to painting aquarelles of Jerusalem, Haifa, Safed and Tiberias. In many respects it was his golden age, a time for discovering the light, geography and "atmosphere" of the land, a period in his life that demanded he turn outwards towards the clarity of nature and renounce the dense saltness of his Russian training.

Happily following in the footsteps of Cezanne's late works, Zaritsky pioneered the development of a local "abstracted" watercolour style. It was unlike the English and American academic tradition and more in the spirit of Arthur Dove and John Marin. From the outset, Zaritsky behaved like a modernist, building up the picture while relying only on "basic" observational guidelines. Zaritsky's watercolour landscapes of Nahlat Shiva, painted early in 1924, are still among his most important



Joseph Zaritsky: Jerusalem, 1925, watercolour (Tel Aviv Museum).

and sought-after works.

Zaritsky's move from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv in the early '30s turned his art in a different direction, one that moved from the fluid capsulization of nature on an intimate scale to one that was predicated by the sweeping urban environment. From the roof top of his apartment building on the corner of Ben Yehuda and Mapu in central Tel Aviv, Zaritsky concentrated on two series for several years: "Over the Roof" in which the artist himself is regularly featured amongst a variety of atmospheric conditions and "Beyond the Window," a marvellous group of watercolour still-life. Both series are very well represented in the current exhibit.

FOR MANY, Zaritsky is the father of modernist painting in Israel, for it was he, as the leading figure in the New Horizons movement of the late forties, who broke with the establishment, resigned from the Painters and Sculptors Association, and rallied other artists. It was during this period (late '40s and early '50s) that Zaritsky, who was slowly moving away from the subjective and a short-lived figurative style - as can be seen in his delicately balanced colour fields and linear contouring describing scenes at Kibbutz

Yechiam - broke into pure abstraction with pictures painted intuitively rather than observationally. Zaritsky's immersion into the "lyrical abstract" style and the complete flattening of pictorial space of his mature years, followed a stay in Paris and Amsterdam (from 1954 to 1956) and his confrontation with post-war European and American abstract painting (Action, CoBra and Abstract Expressionism).

Into the 1960s, Zaritsky translated the turbulent edge-to-edge abstraction of his Amsterdam pictures into a more ephemeral, refined application of pigment and a more restrained compositional structure. He controlled the dissection of the picture plane onto contrastive bold and subtle geometricized shapes, organizing them into unorthodox "grid" patterns, upended topographical designs into which he could meander with brush and wash, scumbling and overglazing textures to solidify the "cut" pieces into a single entity. The forcefulness of Zaritsky's direct painting technique and the special touch that one could read as his "hand" was slowly replaced by greater fields of transparent colour, an emphasis on linear construction of shapes and a retreat from the edges of the canvas.

For the past decade Zaritsky has

devoted much of his time to painting pictures from his studio at Kibbutz Tzova. These late "Window" pictures, richly coloured in the spirit of the interior-exterior of Bonnard, are spontaneous reactions to the environment, the landscape, the light and the atmosphere.

Despite Zaritsky's move towards abstraction in the '40s and his eventual surrender to its precepts, there always remains a substructure of reality, a whisper of nature or the sting of the city. The skeletal forms of urban streets, the overlapping of rolling fields, swaying trees, flowers or figures are ghostlike but nevertheless there, hidden within the colour and texture. Neither symbolic nor mythological Zaritsky's pictures are lucid products of an artist's response to his place.

Zaritsky is a remarkable figure, continuing to paint every day. His contribution to Israeli art and his influence on young painters are both still tangibly apparent, despite inevitable dilution with the passing of time and artistic fashion.

Zaritsky the man has provided the community with a lot more than the 340 works hanging at the Tel Aviv Museum.

(An exhibition of works by Zaritsky is now on show at the Gordon Gallery, Tel Aviv.)

A lost master

Meir Ronnen

AN UNUSUAL exhibition: works by a father and daughter, both born in Kishinev, the father long dead, moved to suicide at the constrictions of Soviet Realism, the daughter here since 1977. Moishe Gamburd (1903-1954) was a graduate of the Brussels Academy, where he studied under Constant, before returning to Rumania; he wily nilly became an artist in the service of the Soviets when the Russians annexed Bessarabia in 1940. Most of his work is now on permanent display in the Kishinev Museum. His drawings on show, both nudes and portraits in pencil, charcoal and crayon, show him to be a veritable master in the modern academic tradition, a master of depiction of character and volumetric monumentality. Some of the drawings here compare favourably with those of the best of Augustus John, being rendered with a felicity of line and texture, or hold thatched strokes of soft pencil, that are positively breathtaking. His daughter, Miriam Gamburd (b. 1947) like her father, also studied monumental art, but at the Institute of Industrial Art in Leningrad. She shows here sculptures made of sheet copper, crumpled and worked into both abstract and figurative forms. The method recalls that of another ex-Russian artist working in copper here, Valentin Shor; and not surprisingly, for he also attended the same school. Gamburd's most effective copper pieces are the faces that seem to have been torn asunder, sometimes bleeding off into abstract forms; the larger works tend to lack abstract force, or effective compositional drama. But there is something to her work that may emerge with more clarity in a subsequent show. (Nora Gallery, Maimon 9, J'lem.) Till Dec. 15.

RHODA TRAUB is one of Israel's most modestly anonymous artists: not even the countless Israelis who have enjoyed her sundial and other sculptures in Zichron Yaakov's Memorial Garden containing the grave of Baron Rothschild, know her name. Rhoda and her painter husband came to Israel from South Africa during the War of Liberation

and lived for a time in Jerusalem before spending several decades living and working in Zichron. Their return to Jerusalem is marked by a show of Rhoda's ceramic sculptures, wash paintings and a few coloured drawings in oil pastels.

The approaches are as varied as the mediums. The pastels of highly formalised boats and groups of Beduin (?) women are essentially illustrative, as are her depictions of cockerels, though the latter are beautifully realised and drawn in a virtually Chinese manner. These virtuoso brush renderings are also illustrative in colour; working on toned paper instead of white would have given them another quality altogether (the Chinese were careful to work on toned silk whenever they used colour). But it is Rhoda Traub's painting of a cat, in monochrome wash, that is the highlight of the works on paper: it is a veritable marvel of drawing and handling. The Sino-Japanese approach is all the more marked for the impeccable placing of her red signature seal; any Oriental master would have been happy to have brought off such a painting. Part of its success derives from the perfect relation of the forms and the signature to the rectangle, something lacking in the otherwise clever renderings of the cockerels and hoopoes.

The ceramics are equally uneven in conception. The abstract sheet forms sprouting hands and heads are little better than cute. More gutturally intriguing is a strange ball-like head compellingly embedded in a huge ceramic bio-morphic shape, like a stamen in a flower. But the more complete works are those derived from the bronzes and ceramics of antiquity (notably the Amlache figurines of ancient Persia) like 5.6, and 7, each of which is a delight; the charming deer is particularly successful, in both form and texture. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem. Till Dec. 8.)

VETERAN SCULPTOR Yehiel Shemi (b. Haifa, 1922) shows collages made during a recent stay at Mishkenot Sha'ananim, while working on a new sculpture for the Jerusalem Theatre. The show inaugurates an innovation: "Artists at Mis-



Moishe Gamburd: the artist's uncle, charcoal, c. 1931 (Nora, J'lem).

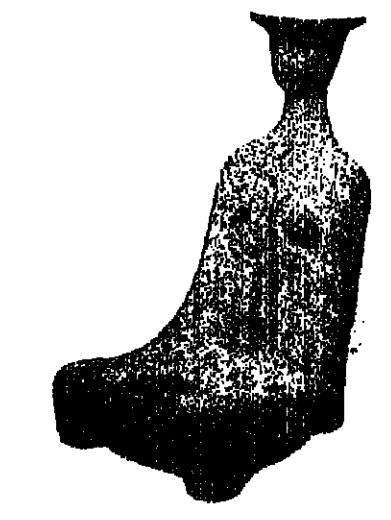
kenot", at a beautiful gallery which previously served as a Mishkenot lecture hall, not far from the hotel itself. Shemi creates layered collages from combinations of two or three loosely rectangular sheets with torn edges, glued to lighter coloured paper, creating a yellowish "line" peeping from behind or between the overlays, while getting away from an overall rectangular shape, although one or two regular "picture" rectangles are also employed. The approach and technique are impeccably "correct", but the actual compositions aren't at all exciting, chiefly because the various elements are not dynamically related to each other in either shape or weight. Despite some nice touches, Shemi's minimalism remains little more than

an exercise, bereft of the inner energy of composition that elicits an "aha!" from the viewer. (J. Robert Fisher Hall, Mishkenot Sha'ananim, Yemin Moshe, opp. the restaurant.) 11-1; 4-6pm. Till Dec. 20.

BACK IN the early Thirties pioneer photo-journalist Dr. Nahum Tlin Gidal (b. Munich, 1909) then 23, made a trip to "Jewish Poland," where he also encountered his relatives. His current show of photographs documenting this formative encounter with his roots is part of "Memories of Jewish Poland - 1932" seen at the Diaspora Museum in Tel Aviv last year and reproduced on several pages of this magazine at the time. The photographs, made well before Gidal, later also a doctor of



Miriam Gamburd: repousse copper sculpture (Nora Gallery).



(Rhoda Traub: ceramic sculpture (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem).

law and economics, decided to make photography his profession, are a mixture of posed family snaps and a record of the markets and courtyards of Lublin, Cracow and Lodz, as well as types in Warsaw (many look as though they could have been taken in Mea Shearim in the Forties and Fifties; for that matter, there are corners of Mea Shearim and Beit Yisrael that don't look much different even today). Of particular interest are the photographs of Jewish coachman and wagoners, the traditional *balagole* (from the Hebrew *bal agala*, wagon owner). Within a decade, all the adults and children in these photographs were dead; and Jewish Poland was in its death throes, to disappear forever. (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer.)

The dirty sink syndrome

Edith Varga-Biro

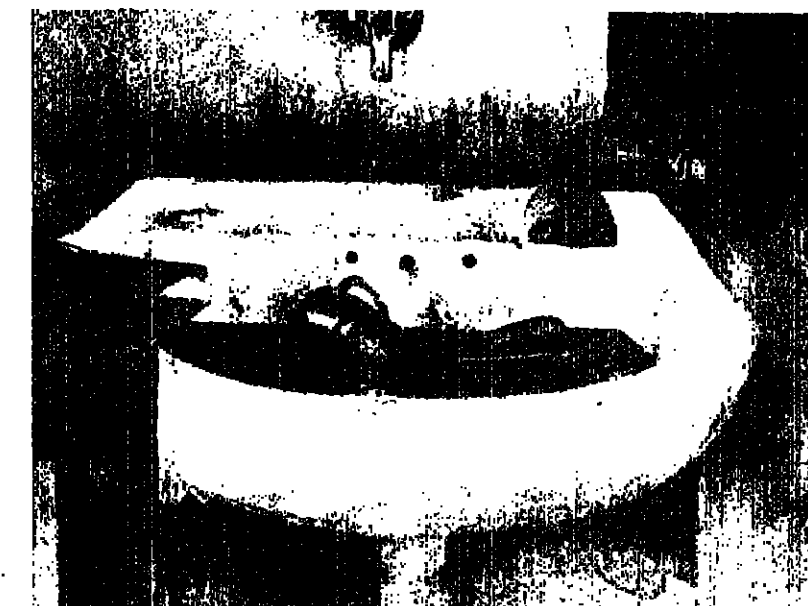
TWO CURRENT exhibitions tell us more than we would ever want to know about grimy objects in the painters' households. Raanan Levy (b. Jerusalem 1954) actually prepares us a lovely surprise, after the eye digs through all that grimy grey, with a masterly painted colour underneath, not unworthy of an 18th century Flemish still life. Levy uses a few hues and shades to build up form and to lend it stability and permanence. In this he is a follower of Cezanne, although in a much darker mood. In most of his pictures, such as "Pressure Cooker," "Pieces of Meat" and others, he concentrates on objects found in familiar corners of the house. These painted images seem weightless and immovable in the *cézannaisque* tradition.

The artist's main subjects were in the past segments of interiors. They were built on an inner, geometrical framework, usually window-grids. He paints in watercolours, to which he adds at times charcoal, ink, tempera and pencil. His aim is to achieve opaque effects, and the transparent medium remains a challenge which he overcomes with virtuosity. In his newest work he opts for massive three-dimensionality. The subject chosen is the ordinary kitchen basin, of which he now exhibits a whole series (it would be interesting to learn why a number of male artists, not all Israeli, have painted these shabby sinks...). In "Objects Floating in Dirty Water," the few things, and even the dark fluid, seem to be fixed permanently in space, as in earlier work, but the dominant theme is now the boldly projecting, sculptural form of the basin. The artist combines drips and knowing brushstrokes with a singularly murky

effect.

In a few smaller pieces the location changes to a chicken-yard and coop, but where bright spots of colour break through the dimness. In "Hen-House," Levy registers panicky fear, the only emotion allowed to show in any of his paintings. (Goldman Gallery, Haifa). Till Dec. 22.

NAFTALI GOLOMB (b. Chile, 1930) literally hangs his dirty linen (over indifferently painted background) in public. Much more appetizing are his huge temperas of fruits and vegetables, enlarged from colour photos, painted super-realistically. These oversized objects have a definite presence and great plasticity. The "primus" throws a mysterious shadow, owing some debt to Yosi Bergner. Otherwise the paintings are characterized by objectivity. The collages with cardboard,



Raanan Levy: "Objects Floating in Murky Water" (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

overpainted, are a complete failure in composition and texture. I liked best his drawings, notably a bra hung on a washing line, in which the play

of shadows and the delicate greys render the whole rather daintily. (Beit Abba Khoushy Gallery, Haifa). Till Dec. 12.



Joseph Zaritsky: "Window in Tel Aviv", 1940, watercolour and, at right, the same subject painted in oils in 1968. (photos courtesy the Israel Museum and Tel Aviv Museum).

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS2415 per line including VAT. Insertion every day of the month costs IS48,300 per line including VAT, per month.

Jerusalem
CONDUCTED TOURS
 Tourists and Visitors: Come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its wonderful activities and impressive modern building. Free guided tour - weekdays between 9-12, bus stop 14, 21 or 5, Krayat Moshe, Tel. 523291.
HADASSAH - Guided tour of all installations. Hourly tour of Krayat Hadassah and Hadassah Mt. Scopus. * Information, reservations: 02-316443, 02-446271.
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 1. Tour in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Tiviat Ram Campus, Buses 9 and 28.
 2. Mount Scopus tour 11 a.m. from the Dromi Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Buses 9 and 28 to Tel Aviv. Further details, Tel. 02-582349.

SHABAT WEEKEND IN SAFAD FOR COUPLES

(Dry care provided)
 Friday, December 7, 1 p.m. - Sunday, December 9, 1 p.m.

- * Shabbat Lifestyle Workshops
- * Meals with Hessian Families
- * Jewish Childrearing
- * Tour of Safed

Cost: \$10 per person. Deadline: Thursday, December 6, 1 p.m.
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PIONEER WOMEN - NA'AMAT, Morning tours, call reservations, Tel Aviv, 250496.

Haifa
 The Reuben and Edith Hecht Museum at Haifa University is open daily except Fridays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and on Tuesday afternoons from 4-6 p.m.

What's On in Haifa, dial 04-648840.

Other Centres
 VISIT THE WEIZMANN HOUSE, REHOVOT. The Weizmann House is open Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-3 p.m.; closed on Friday, Saturday and holidays. For group tours please book in advance by calling: 08-483230 or 483328.

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS2415 per line including VAT. Insertion every day of the month costs IS48,300 per line including VAT, per month.

Jerusalem
MUSEUMS

Israel Museum, Exhibitions: Meet the Israeli Artist, for children Tue., 5-10.7. Wed., 10-12.12. Artists' Present in the Gallery. Around Hammer Collection, five centuries of masterpieces; Zvi Ben-Haim, sculpture and easel paintings, (until 2.12); Moshe Kupferman, paintings, works on paper, David Tarkenton, Producers of Israel (until 2.12); Permanent Collection of Modern Art and Archaeology. Photography for children (Paley Center near Rockefeller Museum).

Rockefeller Museum: The Other Side of the River - Ancient Egyptian funerary objects. Tichat House: works by Anna Tichat, banknote, library, garden cafe.

Old Yishuv Court Museum, Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II, a Or Habaim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun.-Thurs., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Heichal Shalom, Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Diorama Room: History of Jewish People, Special Hanukkah Exhibition, "Sightseeing Through Israel," handmade by Zip Dagan.

Galleries
 Yehon Greenwald Gallery, Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for women art. Sun.-Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri. till 1 p.m. Hazon Haysotzer, opp. Jaffa Gate, Tel. 02-282077.

THIS WEEK
AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

EXHIBITIONS
ZARITSKY: A RETROSPECTIVE
DESIGN FOR DISABLED PERSONS
ANCIENT ART OF SARDINIA
A SELECTION FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTIONS OF CLASSICAL 20TH CENTURY AND ISRAELI ART

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BARRY TUCKWELL, HORN, with Ora Shiran, violin and Idit Zvi, piano. Chamber music by Schumann, Stravinsky, Brahms, Thursday, 6.12, at 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA - Premiere Screenings 'THE HOLY INNOCENTS' (Spain, in colour, 105 min., Spanish with Hebrew and English subtitles). Daily at 4.30, 7.30, 9.30 p.m. Saturday at 7.30 p.m.

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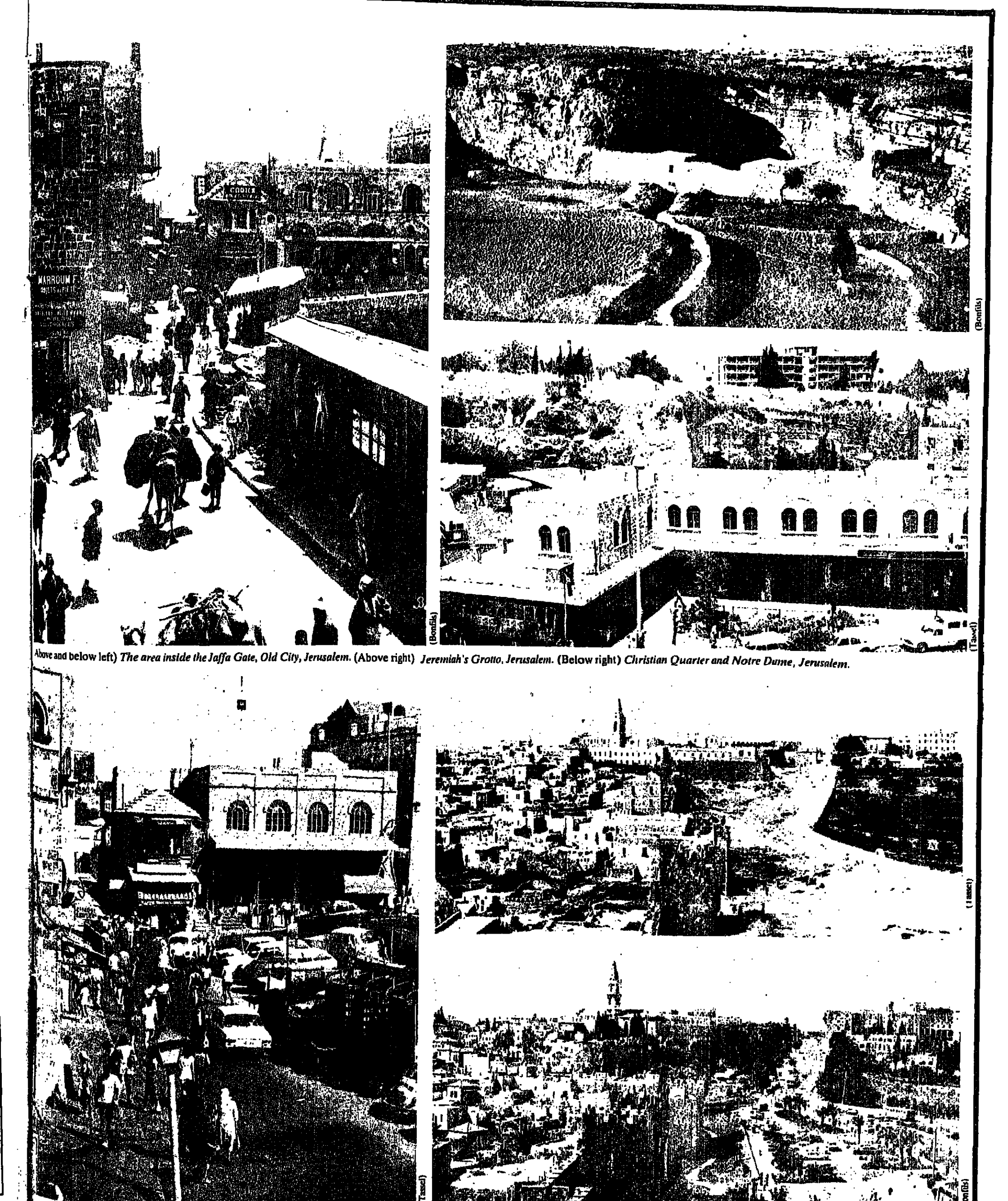
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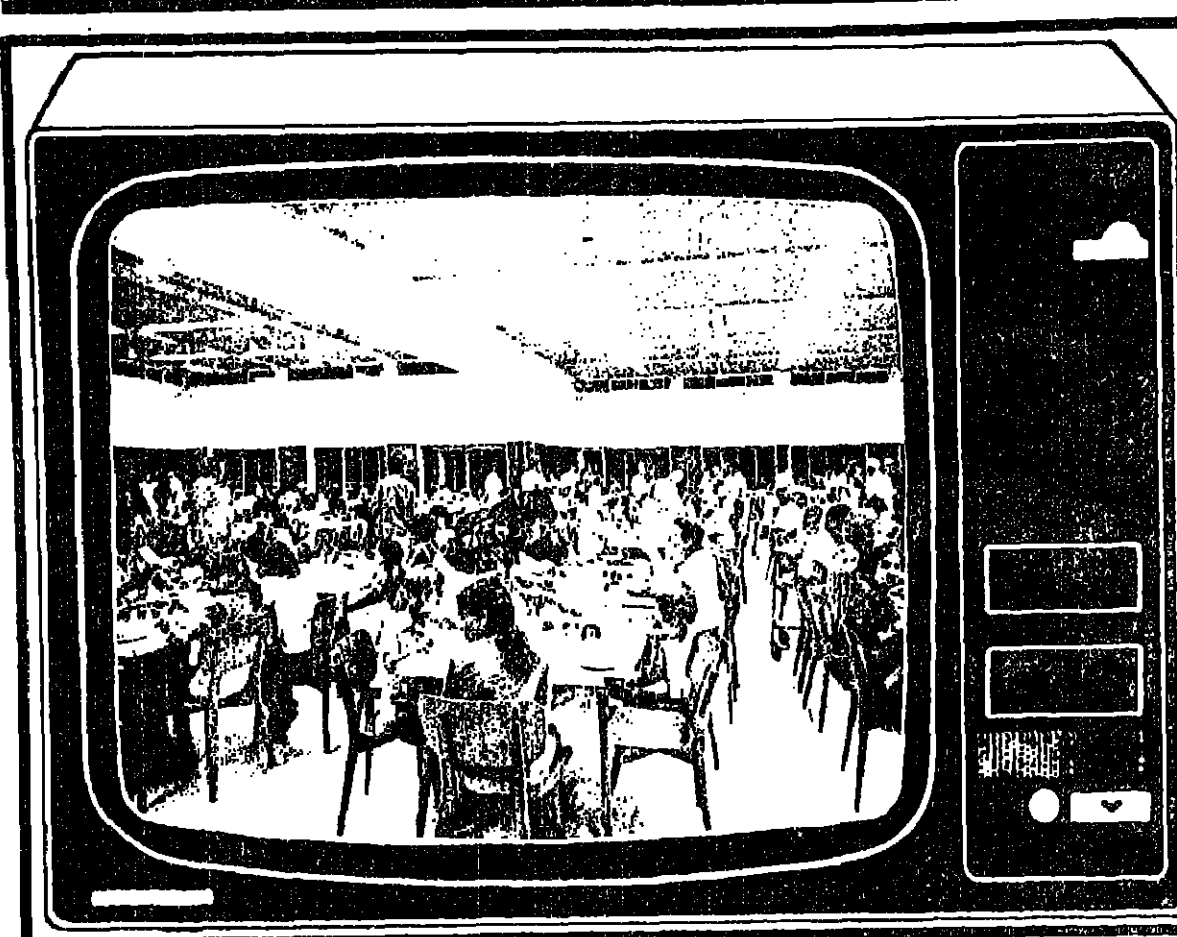
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Above and below left) The area inside the Jaffa Gate, Old City, Jerusalem. (Above right) Jeremiah's Grotto, Jerusalem. (Below right) Christian Quarter and Notre Dame, Jerusalem.



Closed-circuit communities

Kibbutzim are making more use of modern communications technology. Yosef Goell discusses the implications.

"SURI, we have to work more and consume less. But the situation is very confusing," said the woman picking an item off the mini-market shelf.

What was unusual about this banal statement was that it was made not in a shop in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem or Petah Tikva, but in a videotaped film shot in the mini-market of Kibbutz Hazorea in the Jezreel Valley.

The video-film entitled *Kibbutz Package Deal* - 1984, which was produced by a kibbutz team of seven directed by Arnon Tamir, was the latest of close to 100 such bi-monthly films produced in Hazorea over the past three years.

The films are intended to increase the awareness of kibbutznikim of various issues confronting them as individuals and as members of the larger collective. They are broadcast on closed circuit television in convenient half-hour slots when there are no competing programmes from Israel Television or from the little kingdom to the east which the kibbutz sets succeed in picking up.

Tamir, who is a founding member of the kibbutz which was established in the mid-30s by young halutzim from Germany, says that it is not yet absolutely clear what impact the films are having. "But it is clear that members have become much more informed about many issues."

The one on the impact of the national economic situation on the kibbutz was a case in point. It had been broadcast on the Friday and Saturday afternoons preceding the Saturday night general assembly which was scheduled to discuss the subject.

"Hazorea is like most other kibbutzim in regard to the decline of the general assembly," said Tamir. Only 15-20 per cent of the 600-plus members entitled to participate and vote attend regularly.

The Saturday I was, there, attendance was 30-40 per cent higher than usual, and many of the participants in the discussion referred to the film they had seen in their homes. The best evidence that Hazorea is very much part of Jewish Israel, however, is that after an hour and a half of discussion, and the half-hour preparatory film, there was no conclusion.

What was up for a vote was a proposal by the kibbutz economic committee that in its programme for

the coming year plans be made to increase production by 5 per cent, reduce personal consumption by the same percentage and suspend the purchase of luxury items for a period of three months. A veritable microcosm of the national package deal.

PART OF THE problem the Hazorea video team was trying to tackle was that while kibbutz members can generally be considered to be extremely patriotic, they tend - except for the few in charge of finances - to be more remote from economic realities than the urban Israeli who gets a monthly pay check and has to contend with constantly rising prices in the supermarket.

Moreover, Hazorea is a well-to-do kibbutz with two large and profitable industries; the renowned furniture factory, which does a big business in Israel and in the export of modular furniture to the American market; and Plastopol, which makes plastic sheeting and last year had a turnover of over \$8.5 million.

The economic situation of the kibbutz is obviously far from the critical condition of the national economy; but its leaders realize how much Hazorea's fate depends on the fate of the national economy. The problem was getting the message across to the members, who would have to approve the kibbutz economic programme for the coming year.

The video film featured kibbutz women in the mini-market, but also included a meeting of the economic committee at which the proposal was discussed in detail. One very significant sequence showed different department and service heads agreeing in principle with the need to increase productivity but opposing its being achieved at the expense of their own branches and services. (Hazorea has a large enough backlog of orders for both factories. The problem is a shortage of working hands. Increasing production, without hiring workers from the outside would require shifting kibbutz workers from their present jobs. As is to be expected, there is much personal opposition to this.)

THE FILM, which was very professionally made in comparison with some of the more amateurish efforts of two or three years ago, dealt with the dilemmas and trade-offs of the

problem extremely well. Where, as an outsider I found it less effective, was in walking on eggs to avoid treading on anyone's toes.

Arnon agreed. "This is not and can never be the equivalent of general television investigative journalism, or of *Kolbotek*. We are an intimate community, and we must be very careful not to do anything that could weaken the communal bonds. We aren't into shaming individuals. Our purpose is to highlight problems and to disseminate information so that members can take a more intelligent part in our internal decision-making process."

Still, even when the film spoke in kibbutz language, some things were clear to an outside observer. One of the problems mentioned in passing, and in "code," was that one of the results of the higher and softer standard of living in recent years was a rise in absenteeism from work for all sorts of reasons. The members in whose company I watched the film were quick to explain that the reference was to the habit of taking time off from work to go to the kibbutz clinic or dentist, or even to the kibbutz cosmetician.

Old-timers deplored this new-fangled "self-coddling." Younger members, who have been setting the pace and running the kibbutz for the past decade and more, seemed to be more understanding of such behaviour.

THE LIST of subjects dealt with by Arnon and his team of volunteers over the past three years is fascinating. It includes a poetic treatment of the creative aspects of being a kibbutz shoemaker; an interview with a candidate for membership ("whom we would never have got to know so intimately in such a large kibbutz") prior to the general assembly vote on his acceptance; a confrontation between older reserve officers and young conscripts on the recent tendency of kibbutz boys to volunteer in droves for dangerous army units but refusing to sign up for officers' training; the problem of foreign volunteers introducing drugs into the kibbutz; and a portrayal of work in the kitchen as a high-status industrial enterprise.

Even to a non-professional outsider, the progress in the quality of production was dramatic.

Arnon says that it takes 60-100 hours of work to produce and edit a half-hour film. The kibbutz allocates 30 hours from the work roster and the rest is on account of the team's free time.

Arnon himself began his life as a kibbutznik in building, and later was co-ordinator of Hazorea's construction projects. Years later he switched to being a theatrical director, both in the kibbutz and outside.

"After Labour's political defeat in the 1977 elections and the hate campaign launched against the kibbutzim," he says, "I went over to work in the inter-kibbutz programme on documentation and information. From there I got into video TV as a medium for internal kibbutz communications."

"I first met Arnon at a study day on 'Technology of Communications and the Future of the Kibbutz' held at the Yad Tabenkin centre of the inter-kibbutz college at Elal outside Tel Aviv. Over 50 kibbutznikim had come to participate in that study day at which Arnon was one of those who urged the establishment of central kibbutz training courses in the use of closed-circuit television as a kibbutz tool.

"To really get it off the ground," he said, "we need a nucleus of at least four or five trained members in each kibbutz, which would mean about 1,000 trained operators for the entire kibbutz movement. We're very far from that goal today."

Dov Shinar, of the Hebrew University's school of communications, who spoke at that seminar, noted that television had entered kibbutzim largely against their will, because the old-timers regarded it as being against the kibbutz ethos. Kibbutz Tzora (interestingly, a kibbutz with a large number of members from English-speaking countries) was among the last to introduce TV sets into members' rooms, only last year, Shinar said.

"But once begun, the pace has been very fast. Over 30 kibbutzim are now using video for in-house broadcasting."

Participants at the study day to whom I talked were unanimous about Tamir's being the foremost practitioner of the new art in the kibbutzim. "Many have bought the equipment and are playing around with it. But Hazorea is one of the few places

where they have really been making films and broadcasting them regularly." I was told. Which is what brought me a fortnight later to Hazorea and to Arnon.

HE WAS EMPHATIC that his intention was mainly to intensify member participation in kibbutz life and decision-making, and not to influence opinions.

"We have a very good example from Kibbutz Yiftah, where I am told they have been televising direct from meetings of the general assembly. There were cases there where members who were watching the meeting in the comfort of their homes came running to the general assembly, because what they had seen on their TV had got them so mad they wanted to get their say in too."

In Hazorea, the in-house broadcasts have been done through a central antenna and above-ground cables. Now, with the introduction of an internal kibbutz telephone system, the underground installation has been used for TV cables too, which gives much better quality. Arnon hopes it will also permit feedback through a number of plug-in stations. Once that is ready, he looks forward to broadcasting general assemblies and committee meetings live.

One of the speakers at the Yad Tabenkin study-day, Rimon Levy of Kibbutz Bror Hayil, presented a paper on the social implications of using video and computer technologies in kibbutz communications. He emphasized the need to democratize the use of these modern media and to prevent the monopolization of knowledge and information by small professional elites.

Approaches to these new technologies can obviously lead in very different directions with different implications for the nature of the societies that will use them. Kibbutzim, because of their intimate communal nature, seem to be especially suited to experimentation with them. But it may well be that the kibbutzim of the future will prove to be a laboratory for the development of communication techniques that will have a wider application in the community life in Israel's urban settings.

CAPTAIN Richard England's *Schoonerman* is a sad book. It represents all that is left of the once proud County Down fleet of schooners and ketches that traded between England and Ireland.

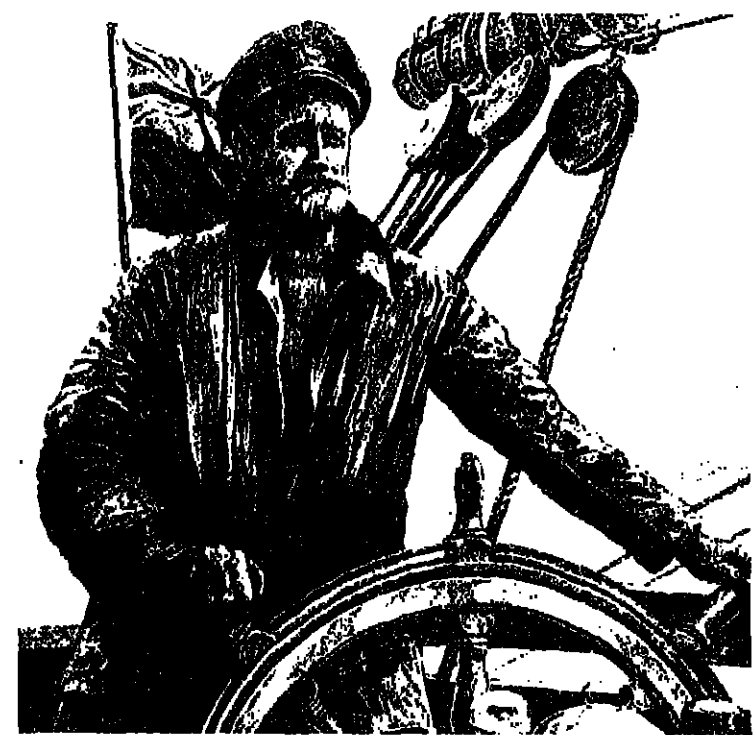
The very last of these coastal sailers, England's own *Nellie Bywater*, sank in a furious winter storm in 1951. She went down taking with her two lives, and a way of life and a tradition in sailing now lost forever. England was born sometime before World War I in a little town 30 miles east of Liverpool. Although his family were decidedly landlubbing, he was born with salt water in his veins. An artist with the same feeling for his vocation that he had for sea and sailing would have been called a genius. As a small boy he read every book he could find on maritime lore and navigation, he built ship models with the crudest of tools, and a raft which easily could have been the death of him if a local gamekeeper hadn't prevented him from floating it down a dangerous river.

True to form, he ran away from home and down to the docks at Liverpool. At the end of a miserable, discouraging day of going about from ship to ship on an empty stomach in the rain, he finally landed his first job as ship's "boy" aboard the schooner *Via*. It was a dog's life of cooking, swabbing, hauling and brass-polishing for which he received only his keep and possibly a bit of pocket money. And in everything, even in loading and unloading cargo, sailing vessels took second place to steamers.

But life aboard the *Via* had its compensations for a boy on his maiden voyage to Ireland. In plain but poetic words England writes, "From the extreme end of the bowsprit [which he was sent out to oil in his first nautical duty], I had a grand view of the schooner sailing towards me. It was very pleasant there, watching the little blue and white lady on our stern curtsying to the swells. Now and again, a dash of spray flew into the air, the drops sparkling like jewels in the sunshine."

IN KILKEEL, Ireland, the *Via*'s home port, and its sister harbour of Annalong, England discovered the last refuge of the dwindling County Down fleet. As an English national

Against the wind



SCHOONERMAN by Richard England. Harmondsworth, Penguin. 294 pp. £3.50.

David Brauner

he felt himself an outsider among the Irish schooner men in spite of the kindness people showed to him aboard and ashore. Yet he considered himself exceptionally privileged to learn his chosen trade under the best and most experienced sailors of his time.

Regrettably, however, he knew he was witnessing the demise of his newly learned craft, for the sea and progress were inevitably taking their toll. The Down fleet, many of which were already over half a century old between the wars, were regularly sinking in the violent gales of the Irish Sea. In the foundering of the ketch *Excel*, vividly reported by England, the valiant lifeboat men drove their vessel right on to the stricken ship's deck, picked up three survivors, and then all watched as "the water-logged ketch dropped sickeningly into a trough." And, on the

side of progress, England describes how the schooner *Gridseeker*, like so many others, had her cabin gutted to make way for an engine. "And what an engine!" he exclaims. "A semi-diesel of only 30 h.p., it required heating with a blowlamp before starting."

Schoonerman paints a living and lasting picture of a "way of life that was an anachronism." Sailormen still ate the same jaw-breaking biscuit that was served in Nelson's navy. Softening it up in tea, or powdering it with a belying pin, caused acute indigestion. England tells of sailors' superstitions, their unequalled knowledge of pubs and their locations throughout Britain and, of course, the strength and endurance of Jack Tar. One friend of the author's, out of a berth, took a job as a sparring partner and knocked a famous boxer out cold, ruining his career for good. "Behind the blow that put the Champ to sleep were years of toil on schooner's windlasses and dollies," writes England with a certain pride.

Schooner captains navigated with their eyes, ears and noses. Whether by watching changes in the sea's surface, or listening out in a thick fog for a dog's bark or cock's crow, or just plain smelling land, they pretty much knew where they were. Weather was forecast in much the same way - by noting changes in wind direction, cloud formations and rising swells. Barometers, cabin clocks and charts were luxuries to these sea-hardened barnacles. England yarns about one captain who had only a single chart, the oldest he had ever seen outside of a museum. It was so spotted and mildewed that the old codger would point his finger at a mark and ask the mate, "Is this 'ere a buoy, or is it just another bit of fly muck?"

In another fascinating chapter, England sketches for us the life and works of the people he calls "the shore gang." These were the ship chandlers, whose shops were crammed to the rafters with all things maritime in no apparent order, and the shipwrights and sailmakers, surveyors and brokers. He also speaks fondly of the seaman's missions which supplied plenty of old magazines without ever so much as mentioning religion.

BUT TO return to England's own life: the Great Depression put him ashore, where he became a civil engineer, and met and married his beloved wife Bill. In World War II he was very seriously wounded by a landmine in Sicily which rendered his right leg and arm nearly useless. But dawn broke after the long night of depression and war, when he got a tip in 1945 about a Down schooner, one of the last, that was being put up for sale. She was the *Nellie Bywater*, built in 1873 out of aged oak stronger than steel.

Right from the beginning England was sailing against the wind. It was tough going making the *Nellie Bywater* pay in the mid-20th century, when cargos were scarce and experienced schooner men all but extinct. On his first Christmas aboard the *Bywater*, there was sadly no festive dinner, and he had no presents to give his two daughters.

England ran bulk cargos of scrap metal, kerb stones, slate and the like between Belfast and Liverpool in all weather and all seasons. With the loss of the *Ellie Park* in 1947, only the *Bywater* was left to carry on the trade and tradition of the County

Downers. With England at the helm, and Bill in the galley keeping the crews well fed and stocked up with steaming mugs of hot tea and coffee, the *Bywater* kept her owners' heads just above the surface.

Adventures, light and serious, were never in short supply aboard the *Bywater*. In one memorable tempest, England was nearly hanged when he got his neck caught in a downhaul. But luckily he fell heavily to the deck and discovered, much to his delight, that the blow had cured his partially paralyzed right arm. However, his neck was terribly swollen.

And once, out of Belfast, he was accosted by a religious fanatic who asked him to spread the Gospel by throwing bottled messages overboard. He reluctantly agreed, and the next morning he regretted to find a hundred crates of Guinness bottles stacked on his deck. The message, the same inside all the bottles, ironically denounced the demon of drinking. Worse still, the ever half-drunk mate made sport by slinging them overboard at porpoises. England, much dismayed by the senseless act, true to his calling, wrote, "I share the old mariner's loathing for those who, without cause, needlessly inflict suffering on creatures of the deep..."

The *Bywater* also starred in the film *The Elusive Pimpernel*, a role which called upon her to approach dangerously close to Mont St. Michel on the French coast. This was only possible on peak tides in October, and even then there were only a few inches of water below the schooner's keel.

England lived in the past, and modern times were not kind to him. To survive as a seaman, he had to seek his fortune in the Caribbean. A fatal decision was made to leave Britain. It cost him his ship and the life of one of his daughters. The *Nellie Bywater* went down off the coast of England at the beginning of a voyage that was meant to preserve her, and the family she supported.

England died in 1982, one year after his book was first published in hardback. His autobiography, now out in paperback with photographs and a glossary, is the finest book of the sea that I have ever read. The reason for its pride of place is simple - it has the style and virtue of authenticity. □

A WRITER is entitled to his craziness, but who in his right mind would read over 1,000 pages of the "true adventures" of John Steinbeck? I own up. With all its deficiencies, Professor Benson's massive compilation of Steinbeck's correspondence, and of the recollections and anecdotes of his friends and wives, is rarely unentertaining. As its title suggests, this is a peculiarly innocent example of literary biography, written as though Benson never came across Edith or James, Alter or Stendahl, Ellman or Joyce. But then, perhaps it is all the more attuned to its subject's sensibility. Benson's strategy is to comprehend Steinbeck less through literary or psychological analysis than through sympathetic identification. Without making extravagant claims, he acts as Steinbeck's friend (unlike many greater talents, Steinbeck had a gift for friendship) and advocate in his marital and literary wars. Lord knows, Steinbeck needs one.

When I was younger, reality offered itself wrapped in the guise of eternal verities. There were 48 states in the Union. The Yankees would win forever with Reynolds, Raschi, and Lopat on the mound. And - this before I read any of them - America's champion "writers were

A Nobel failure

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF JOHN STEINBECK, WRITER by Jackson J. Benson. London, Heinemann. 1,116 pp. £28.00.

Haim Chertok

Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Faulkner. Yet in Alfred Kazin's *Bright Book of Life: American Novelists and Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer* it is as if John Steinbeck had never held a pen.

It was not always like this. When first I started diverting my weekly allowance from Saturday to the Movies to Higher Culture, I joined the Doubleday One Dollar Book Club. Two of my membership bonus books - H.G. Wells' *The Outline of History* and Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* - have long since vanished, but, like a weathered survivor, *The Short Novels of John Steinbeck* still stares down from my shelf.

The Steinbeck who finally emerges in Benson's pages is a triumph of determination to be a writer over modest native abilities. A retiring youngster in Salinas, Cali-

fornia, Steinbeck cut an outsider's role at Stanford, after failing to graduate in six years. There followed a decade of living in and around Monterey, supported largely by his father, and doing odd jobs, marrying a woman who competed with him but typed his manuscripts, and befriending a marine biologist who became his mentor in "non-teleological philosophy." This young Steinbeck was shy and lacked self-assurance, but enjoyed lending a somewhat antic life. He was happiest when he was writing: "It's like living a great many lives instead of one."

These non-public years, before the success of *Tortilla Flat* in 1935, offer the greatest challenge for the biographer, but because "material" is thinnest (letters, surviving friends, anecdotes), they represent Benson's most serious failure. He admires are bound to be curious about what enabled Steinbeck to persevere when a thousand other would-be writers became academics and ad-men. The answers lie still in those scant formative years. But this young Steinbeck seems, for all his

posing, an attractive personality with a real capacity for friendship, a natural sympathy, easy with the Paisanos and migrants who inhabit his early fiction, and a justified if serio-comic fear of the possibility of success.

BOTH THE book and Steinbeck flag when he "makes it." Steinbeck expresses a constant apprehension about "going Hollywood," but Benson never quite acknowledges that it actually happened. He dumped his wife for a vacuous blonde singer; parties with Burgess "Bizzy" Meredith, Ann Sothern, Abe Burrows, and Charlie Chaplin; got fascinated by film-making. His writing ebbed.

Both the book and the life pick up with Steinbeck's third and final marriage and his resulting self-acceptance. Whereas he never stops writing, he doesn't suffer from an inflated notion of his stature. Indeed, he was genuinely shocked when he heard that he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1962. (This was a particularly painful time for him: much of the American press responded to the award by attacking the standards of the Nobel Committee.)

Steinbeck was a tireless traveller both out of inner restlessness and a need to see things with his own eyes.


His comment on visiting Israel in 1966 was generous: "Those people are really doing what the Russians are lying about." He was loyal to his vision, even (as with his support of American involvement in Vietnam) when it was unpopular. Indeed, he was far more loyal than ideological: he supported his friend Elia Kazan when he cooperated with the un-American Activities Committee, and later supported another friend, Arthur Miller, when he refused to cooperate.

Is his work really of such little account? Benson doesn't go into this but blithely assumes that Steinbeck matters. At my son's urging, I recently read *Travels With Charley*. No, it is not profound, but it is engaging and professional, high level journalism, and quite comparable to Amos Oz' justly praised *Tour d'Israel*. Its weakness is a cloying cuteness that could be detected as far back as *Tortilla Flat*. I, for one, do not find it fatal. I think that Steinbeck will always find readers despite the over-dismissive critics.

(By the way, does anyone have any idea about the whereabouts in Palestine of the farmstead of John Gross-steinbeck, the writer's missionary grandfather? He was burned out by Beduin in the 1850s.) □

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Fiendishy clever

THE CHAPS over at UK Labour Party headquarters must be pretty miffed at Frederick Forsyth. It's bad enough that a huge chunk of the British voting public thinks Labour's been taken over by a bunch of militant Moscow-backed leftists, but when Forsyth starts writing best-sellers along those lines it must be galling.

The *Fourth Protocol*, his fifth novel, is every bit as well-researched and detailed as his previous books. What the plot lacks in originality - Ted Alibury has written a book along similar lines - it makes up in authenticity. It concerns a Soviet plan to wreck the West's defences, by swinging a majority of British voters into line with Labour's nuclear disarmament policies. Kim Philby is Moscow's man, timing his Plan Aurora to coincide with UK parliamentary elections.

His task is to ensure a Labour victory - with a moderate leadership and moderate policies. Experience, argues Philby in submitting his plan to the Soviet general secretary, shows that a moderate Labour leader can easily be replaced with one more likely to toe the Soviet line. "On 7 May 1981 millions of Londoners went to the polls to elect a new Greater London Council. The incumbent ruling group on the GLC was then the Conservatives under the leadership of Sir Horace Cutler," Philby recalls. "The Labour group was seeking election under the leadership of Mr. Andrew McIntosh, a hugely popular Centrist Labour politician of traditional Labour values."

THE FOURTH PROTOCOL by Frederick Forsyth, London, Hutchinson. 448 pp. £9.95.
MEXICO SET by Len Deighton, London, Hutchinson. 381 pp. £8.95.
THE SLEEPERS OF ERIN by Jonathan Gush, London, Hamlyn Paperbacks. 223 pp. £2.95.
SUNSPOTS by Desmond Lowden, London, Pan. 220 pp. £2.95.

David Horovitz

"The polls closed and after the vote count it was revealed that Labour had won. McIntosh was the new leader of the GLC."

"Within 16 hours - not days or weeks or months, but 16 hours - Andrew McIntosh was deposed from the Labour leadership in a closed-doors meeting of the Labour group's inner caucus, and replaced by a far left activist called Ken Livingstone of whom not more than 5 per cent of Londoners had ever heard. It was a truly brilliant coup."

Once Philby's plan gets the Soviet go-ahead, the novel begins to pick up speed, as a crack Russian agent is assigned to the operation, while the hero, M15 investigator John Preston, tries to win the inevitable race against time.

WITH LEN DEIGHTON'S *Berlin Game*, the first of a trilogy of which *Mexico Set* is the second, our hero's wife goes over to the Russians. In Deighton's cloak-and-dagger world, that's about as catastrophic as things can get.

Berlin Game is the best spy novel

Deighton has written to date; it pits the veteran field man Bernie Samson against both the spy masters on the wrong side of Checkpoint Charlie, and the promotion-hungry predators in his own department. Its climax leaves Samson broken by the realization that his wife has been betraying him for years.

Mexico Set starts with Samson in even deeper water. He finds that he is suspected of working in partnership with his wife.

Samson is given the chance to prove himself again, by "turning" KGB major Erich Stinnes. "He was like me, too damned old and too damned cynical to fall for anything but innocent sincerity or a cynicism more profound than his own," Samson reflects. Deighton's writing throughout is tremendous.

THE SLEEPERS OF ERIN is a pacy, amusing thriller about the exploits of a rather dubious antique dealer by the name of Lovejoy.

Despite considerable cash flow problems, Lovejoy's little business makes enough to keep the bailiffs away simply because Lovejoy is a "divvie" - he can sense immediately when antiques are genuine.

Unfortunately, this talent comes to the attention of some even more dubious characters, and Lovejoy finds himself involved in a grandiose deception, "discovering" 15 gold torcs in a Bronze Age burial chamber; only one is real.

The book is a pleasure to read, and its central character is a scream.

DESMOND LOWDEN'S *Sunspots* is about a series of murders in a British holiday resort. The top cops from London are called in to handle the case. The relationship between the hardened police chief and one of his more humane assistants is the undoubted highlight of the book.

Counterfeit victim

A BOOK called *Londoners* entitles one to expect, not unnaturally, a panoramic view of that teeming world and the smaller worlds within. Maureen Duffy's book, alas, does nothing of the kind.

Instead, she concentrates on an area that takes in Earls Court bed-sitterland, Paddington, Soho and the frontiers of the West End, and especially on pubs, some showing pornographic movies, some the hunting-ground of prostitutes and homosexuals.

Yes, you've guessed it. *Londoners* is another of those realistic, rub-your-nose-in-the-dirt novels, so well-written and so depressing. In the subway:

"The train hisses, but the doors stay shut. For a few awful moments, the awful patience of the British prevails and then something snaps... suddenly they are beating on the doors and windows from both sides, shouting though we can't hear those on the other side of the glass, only see their mouths opening in Munich soundless cries, not of fear but of rage... all the frustrations of the day and of the ordered life of the city damped down, suddenly seethe and boil, at the getting up every morning to a task that seems dictated by society, not nature, until we grow sullen inside carrying a scummed and festering pool that slops up in our throats, a heavy bile to be soothed with booze and pills."

THE STORY is told in the first person by Al, a budding writer obsessed with the life and work of François Villon, about whom he is

LONDONERS by Maureen Duffy, London, Methuen. 240 pp. £7.95.

Aviva Even-Paz

writing a biography with a new translation of his works. Indeed, most of the few enjoyable moments are provided by some tantalizing snippets of Villon's poetry, racy, realistic and rude.

Al spends his time between his basement room and pubs. An idealistic young man, he is struggling like mad not to be drawn into the world of conformist wage-slaves and yet (just like most writers) he has a distinct yen to be part of it. He appears - if he's lucky - on TV panel shows and tries to get jobs in various Quangos thinly connected with fostering the arts.

It is our Al against a Philistine world that oppresses not only writers, but also the aforementioned prostitutes, gays, blacks, West Indians, drug addicts and all the other inhabitants of the lower depths which Miss Duffy finds so fascinating. She, like Beryl Bainbridge, a not dissimilar writer, apparently believes it is his inability to cope, their addictions, their degradation which makes them worthy of our attention, even sympathy.

Novelists of this ilk are the laureates of the lugubrious, summed up forever in that immortal line from *West Side Story*: "I'm deprived 'cos I'm deprived." One of the central episodes in *Londoners* is the invasion of Al's flat by a dope-crazed

youth who ends up falling off a roof. Under Duffy's scrutiny, this almost achieves the status of Greek tragedy.

However well she writes, it is still pernicious guff. People are not interesting or worthwhile because they belong to the dregs of society. That they are an increasingly prominent element in the Western world is certainly food for thought; but there is something counterfeit in endowing them with such unrelieved pathos, always as "victims."

READING *Londoners*, another book came to mind - Iris Murdoch's *Under the Net*, her first and perhaps best novel, written in the Fifties. There, too, the hero is a writer struggling to balance the conflicting demands of art and life. But Ned's pals are not prostitutes and pimps. He is befriended by the rich, exuberant, Jewish Hugo, and they turn London into a background for their exploration of friendship, love and meaning, all done with the utmost élan and sparkle. At the end, Ned resolves his problems by going to work part-time in a hospital, while still carrying on as a writer. Heart and mind must both be satisfied.

Thirty years later, at the end of *Londoners*, Al lands a job as "writer-in-residence" at a college in a country town. He is sick of London and has decided to join the establishment that he half despises, half yearns for. The exuberance of Iris Murdoch's novel is absent. Al's action resembles a drowning man clutching at a straw. To round it off, a bomb blast in a pub (where else?) nearly kills him. When he realizes he's still alive he says, "The sky's cleared and there are stars. They seem to be laughing. And I'm laughing too." It's one of the few times anyone does in *Londoners*.

THERE IS something rather weird about the PLO. Its fall, death, or demise have been announced almost as often as the famous death of the novel. Yet it refuses to relent, even to weaken, let alone die. As recently as last December, following the comprehensive defeat in southern Lebanon, the evacuation of Beirut, and the final expulsion from Tripoli at the hands of some of its own past aides and lieutenants, Yasser Arafat visited Egypt on the way to North Yemen, and had talks with President Mubarak. The Egyptians seemed grateful that the leader of the PLO, "the sole legitimate representative of the people of Palestine," should condescend to speak to the head of a state which had dared to conclude a peace treaty with Israel. King Hussein of Jordan, who seems definitely better off without the burden of having to police, tame and "Jordanize" the West Bank, receives Arafat also.

Moreover, he is received with much ceremony by western politicians, ministers and intellectuals; there are officials in Washington who secretly court him; and Israel finds itself constrained to conclude occasional agreements with him on such a subject as an exchange of prisoners-of-war.

What is the PLO's "secret"? Jillian Becker, whose subtitle plainly announces the "fall" of the PLO, quotes Arafat as remarking to western journalists - who were still seeking him out - that the PLO would survive even if he and all his fighters were destroyed, because it was not "some fighters," but "the will of the people." This of course was mere rhetoric, though it was rhetoric of the kind which his European audience must have felt perfectly at home. (For they, and their thinkers, and their apostles of nationalism, had introduced those novel concepts to the Arab and Afro-Asian worlds.)

THE EXPLANATION furnished by Arafat's deputy, Khaled al-Hassan, and quoted by Helena Cobban in the concluding chapter of her well-documented book, is slightly more convincing, though it is replete with half-truths: "Palestine had been eliminated from the books and maps; the Palestinian people had been eliminated. The problem was called the Arab-Israeli problem: it was a border problem between states, not a question of a people

Triumph of the will



THE PLO: The Rise and Fall of the Palestine Liberation Organization by Jillian Becker, London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 303 pp. £5.95.

THE PALESTINE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION: People, Power and Politics by Helena Cobban, Cambridge, Cambridge University Press. 305 pp. No price stated.

Nissim Rejwan

whose rights had been infringed. Now there is a Palestinian people which is recognized - there is strong recognition everywhere except in the United States and Israel. This was our first achievement," Helena Cobban amplifies this. "Indeed, by the early 80s, not only was there a world-wide recognition that 'the Palestinian question' as such would have to be addressed, but also, inside the many different Palestinian communities themselves, both inside and outside historical Palestine, the people's identification with their own Palestinian-ness had become far deeper than - though still not at odds with - their self-identification as Arabs, Muslims or Christians."

Helena Cobban is a painstaking researcher and a conscientious scholar. Her conclusions are thoughtful and well-considered, and for the most part acceptable though she seems to believe that the PLO's crowning achievement is that it "had re-established the Palestinian identity." Arafat's remarks in November 1979 are quoted by her with implicit approval. "John Foster Dulles used to say that the new generation of Palestinians would not even know Palestine. But they did! The group that made the (March 1979) operation against Israel were nearly all of them born outside Palestine; but they were prepared to die for it." She quotes also, as a singular example of the Israelis' "fierce opposition" to "the Palestinians' revitalized assertion of their Palestinian-ness," Golda Meir's well-known statement in an interview with *The Sunday Times*: "It was not as though there was a Palestinian people... and we came and threw them out and took their country away from them. They did not exist."

Now Golda Meir's statement was clearly more than a slip of the tongue. Yet it wasn't a sinister lie intended to justify dispossessing a people of its land. Rather, it expressed

an ideology based on ethnic nationalism. Helena Cobban is a sharp enough observer to have grasped this, since in another context, and only a few lines later, she implies that the Arabs themselves had had practically the same attitude to the problem. "The Arab nationalist ideologues," she writes, "who came to power in the Arab states in the 50s were no better, from the PLO/Palestinian point of view, than their more traditionalist predecessors. Indeed, because of the brute force and wide appeal of their pan-Arabism, which in most cases opposed any assertion of Palestinian-ness as schematic, in some ways the PLO people considered them worse."

The gist of this is that neither the Israelis nor the pan-Arabists were ready to extend recognition to the Palestinians as a people; the Palestinians "did not exist" for them, as a people, or a nation, or an ethnic group. They were Arabs, and belonged to a nation and an ethnicity termed "Arab"; they were part and parcel of the Arab Nation. As far as the Israelis were concerned, they could logically and comfortably find accommodation in the wide "Arab World."

IF THIS sounds like a paradox - it is not - another aspect of the subject is paradoxical to the point of being bizarre. Khaled al-Hassan had claimed that the affirmation of Palestinian identity had been the PLO's main achievement. But his claim was baseless. It becomes clear that the emergence, or re-emergence, of a Palestinian identity was the work of no one in particular, and least of all the PLO. It seems rather to have been a historical accident. Indeed, if anyone should claim credit for it, then it should be Israel, or Egypt, or Jordan, or perhaps all three, and in that order. For it was as a result of the Six-Day War, and the subsequent Israeli occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, that Palestine and Palestine-ness were resurrected, and survived Hussein's determined attempt at "Jordanization," and President Nasser's benign neglect. Since then, it is true, the PLO leadership has contrived to take up a position stage centre, and can now claim with some justice that it had contributed considerably to fostering the new awareness. The fact remains that the PLO did little

Strong, no-nonsense words. The good news, of course, is that the PLO is dead yet again, and there is now hope for the Palestinians, though their redemption is still not guaranteed.

more than ride the crest of a wave it didn't create. It is debatable what would have happened to the PLO if Hussein had succeeded in Jordanizing the West Bank and its inhabitants, and Nasser had left the Gaza Strip to its own devices, and Israel had not taken them over. My belief is that the PLO would have slowly disintegrated. Even the hold it managed to gain in Beirut and southern Lebanon would have been unthinkable without the events set in motion by the Six-Day War.

JILLIAN BECKER'S book could not be more different from Helena Cobban's in tone or content. It is more concerned with its subject's performance, and the results of PLO strategy and actions as reflected in the plight of the Palestinians themselves, than with historical research or detached political analysis. Jillian Becker is the author of a book on the Baader-Meinhof terrorist group and therefore familiar with the subject of terrorism and terrorists. She attacks the extremist leaders who have brought the Palestinians to ruin. Rightly she accuses them of lack of realism and a refusal to compromise. For her, the history of the Palestinian resistance since Haj Amin al-Fusseini has had a consistent character. "From the day of the Mufti and the British White Paper of 1939," she reminds her readers, "to the expulsion from Beirut and the Reagan Plan, more was always asked for by the Arab leaders than could be conceded; and rather than make concessions themselves, they chose, time after time, to fight. Each time they lost and new circumstances took away an offer they had rejected... If hope lay anywhere," she asserts, "it was in the very dissolution of the PLO. From its inception the organization had been nothing but a savage instrument of Arab politics. It had not been designed or used as a means to liberate the Palestinians. Its business was to keep them in misery and to waste their lives, generation after generation. While its demise was not sufficient to guarantee their redemption, it was entirely necessary if they were ever to be saved from ruin and despair."

Strong, no-nonsense words. The good news, of course, is that the PLO is dead yet again, and there is now hope for the Palestinians, though their redemption is still not guaranteed.

Misread, miswritten

HASHKAFOT OLAM VEHISH-TAKFUTAN BESIFRUT YELADIM (Weltanschauungen und their Reflection in Children's Literature) by Meira Carmi-Laniado, Tel Aviv, Dvir. 272 pp. Price not stated.

GUMOT HEN (Dimples) by Uriel Ofek, Tel Aviv, Dvir. 170 pp. Price not stated.

Miriam Arad

neglecting her teddybear is produced to illustrate our cold and cultured world, never mind that unkindness to dolls and other toys is an ancient and classic subject of children's literature, for the obvious reason that it is a classic situation. The same applies to another classic theme, a child's fear of losing his mother in a crowd, which the author views as an example of our living "in a human wasteland... wherein existential yearning turns into an oppressive sense of irrevocable loneliness."

Mass culture is another of Dr. Carmi-Laniado's *bêtes noires*. I'm not crazy about it myself, but doubt whether Dr. Carmi-Laniado knows what it is, for under its banner she attacks one of our best poets and some of the worst trash on the market in the same breath. Lack of literary discrimination, to be sure, is not the least of her faults. She declares that Ayin Hillel's lovely poem about two little girls having themselves a cosy chat, a poem which perfectly catches the rambling quality of such a conversation, is "meaningless." She finds that a bat who is asked: "You're a mouse, aren't you?" and answers: "Rub-bish, I'm a bird!" is thereby guilty of "verbal violence." She considers Oded Bura's "Cute Monster," who is told not to do what he doesn't want to, and says: "That never happens to me, because I always do a thing first, and only afterwards want to do it" - which is the sort of Alice-answer Bura is good at - she considers that an example of "aimless free-will philosophy," of which, naturally, she disapproves. "Naturally," because the author's outlook is religious, and much of her criticism is really a value judgment on a godless world. Along with the express conviction that children's literature should be "educational," this goes far to distort her literary perception. Too bad, since in-depth treatment of Israeli children's literature is a rare enough thing.

IT IS to be found in Dr. Ofek's *Gumot Hen*, though restricted to Bialik's contribution to Hebrew children's literature. Actually, what Dr. Ofek calls *contribution* is the wrong word: there existed no Hebrew children's literature to speak of before Bialik, and its true genesis is with him.

Having no tradition to fall back on, Bialik was obliged to create content as much as form out of the void; he proceeded to do both with all the mastery of a great poet. As Ofek points out repeatedly, he attached tremendous importance to this aspect of his work, and devoted a great deal of time to it, not only writing numerous poems and stories for children, but also translating,

editing, collecting and revising vast amounts of material. An entire generation of children grew up on his work, and he greatly influenced the children's writers who followed him. We can only be thankful, therefore, that he at least believed children's literature should be created for its own sake, with no ulterior motive, including "education," in mind.

Dr. Ofek devotes a chapter to each branch of Bialik's work, as well as a particularly delightful one to "The Poet and the Children." He has also a chapter on Bialik and his illustrators, whom he would present with detailed instructions indeed.

Bialik is read rather less often by today's children, more's the pity. This is due partly to the fact that all his poetry is written in Ashkenazi-accented Hebrew, and hence now seems in our own, Sephardi-accented style; and partly to its inherent difficulty. On this second point, Bialik himself expressed the opinion that "There are no easy and difficult words, only easy and difficult concepts." I think that's true, and it may be that, like us, our children are being weaned from good books by TV and the comics, in other words, by mass culture in its proper sense. □

DEVOTED viewers of Jordan TV had a wretched time this week: the station was virtually abandoned to the PLO, who believe in talking, and talking, and talking, at almost infinite length. Like Alice's Father William, no doubt they believe that talk imparts great muscular strength to the jaws. I cannot tell if they had anything important to say, because they insist on speaking in Arabic. I reacted as P.G. Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster did on trips to France: he found that the people there talked only French, something that he considered very affected.

What I resented most in the PLO take-over of Jordan Television was the late Friday afternoon talkfest instead of the Western or thriller that has become a traditional part of the Israeli way of life on the eve of the Sabbath. It is not my function, I know, to advise King Hussein how to run his kingdom, but I do know that he should not allow all those embraces from Arafat to beguile him from his duty to supply Israelis with entertainment. In passing, I think that he should lay down as a condition precedent to being hugged and kissed by Arafat that the other party to the hug should have a shave.

The renewal of the love affair between the king and the PLO, suspended somewhat violently in September 1970, naturally provokes thoughts of the possibility of the Palestinians offering to negotiate with Israel. On the Friday night news, we heard President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt coming out in full support of the proposition that King Hussein and the PLO should negotiate with Israel an exchange of territories for peace.

Mubarak's statement made me play once more an old game called "What If?", in which I have not indulged for some time.

What if the PLO should have a sudden access of sanity and should agree to eschew violence and to negotiate with Israel on the basis of UN Resolution 242, accepted by Israel at a time when Menachem Begin was in the government, and never repudiated by Israel since? What would happen then? Would President Reagan pull the Reagan Plan out of the drawer and put pressure on us to accept it? Would the unity government collapse when called on to react to such a change in the attitude of the PLO?

Israeli hawks have always been in the comfortable position of knowing that the Arabs are at least one worse one peace behind reality in their thinking. If Arafat gets into line with Mubarak and Hussein, there is a possibility — our hawks might think that it's a danger — that the Arabs will offer to deal with us on a basis we cannot possibly refuse, unless we are prepared to get into trouble with the Americans.

THESE speculations resulted in Micha Limor's bringing us, on his excellent Friday night magazine, Mordechai Gazit, who was director-general of the prime minister's office in Golda Meir's administration. Incidentally, unless I misheard him, Limor introduced Gazit with the remarkable throwaway line that he was the man who conducted direct negotiations with Hussein. If I did hear correctly, I think we should hear more about these negotiations from Gazit some time.

Gazit said that the fact that Hussein had got up in such a forum and proposed an exchange of territories for peace was very important. According to Gazit, the king had indicated many times in the past year that the Arabs should be prepared to make such an arrangement, without ever suggesting what territories he had in mind. What made his reiteration

Arafat's embrace



Hussein's TV station was taken over by the Palestinians this week, nothing like September 1970, when smoke from battles hung over Amman.

TELEVIEW / Philip Gillon

tion of the offer so significant was the timing and the place.

Gazit noted that Hussein had gone to great lengths to stress that he would never make a move to negotiate with Israel, without agreement of the PLO. But the king emphasized what he has said so often in the last few months — that time is working against the Arabs. And he called for a marshalling of Arab and American pressures on Israel to force us to be reasonable.

According to Gazit, we now have to prepare with great care our tactical and diplomatic reactions to the new developments in Amman. He had some comfort for those among us who dread peace negotiations: Arafat is still talking of armed struggle. Thus the PLO may still take us off the hook once again — we can generally rely on the Arabs. But it is very tempting to play the game: "What if the Arabs see reason?"

That peace would not be such a catastrophe as our hawks fear appeared from an interview on *This Is the Time*, conducted by Motti Golan, in the absence of Ram Evron, who is abroad.

For the first time that I can remember, an Israeli official of some importance questioned, although he did it with great circumspection, the approach of the most cherished of all our institutions, the Israel Defence Force. Until now, everyone has assumed that maintaining the IDF at full strength, according to the concepts of the General Staff, was a *sine qua non* for the continued survival of the state.

He suggests that the only way to make a real major cut in defence spending is to move from our present defence system of a very powerful conventional army. Nato, he said, had lived up to the fact that they could not match the Warsaw Pact countries in the size of their armies, so they used different concepts to deter Communist aggression, basing their approach on the assumption that Nato wants only to defend Western Europe, not to attack Eastern Europe.

ONE POSSIBLE alternative to a large conventional army that Rubin mentioned was placing strategic nuclear missiles on the green lines, which would make it possible to hit Cairo or Damascus. Another possibility was reducing the number of men, while increasing the fire power per unit.

The danger of carrying on as we have in the past, he said, is that while we can go on beating Syria and other Arab countries on the battlefield, the cost may overwhelm us. He quoted Bourguiba as saying that the right strategy for the Arabs was to destroy us by attrition, not in pitched battles, and said that most Arab leaders had come around to this point of view.

Golan naturally and correctly asked Rubin if he did not think that the General Staff had considered all these facts and possibilities, to which Rubin answered that he was sure they must have done so, but he assumed that they would want to use every possible kind of defence they could lay their hands on. The decision was not one that could be left only to the General Staff.

Whether Rubin was right I cannot say or even speculate. But it was a very original and absorbing interview.

LAST WEEK I reserved judgement on *Tom, Dick and Harriet*, the new English comedy series. This week I laughed uproariously, although I suspect that I will get very irritated if they go on and on with their tittering innuendoes about Tom overhearing Dick and Harriet engaged in amorous adventures. But there were many really funny scenes, and the climax of the episode was hilarious.

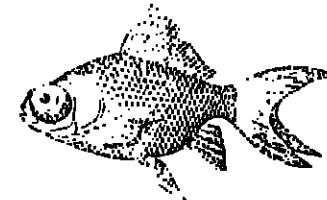
This comedy deals with the woes of children who cannot get rid of an unwanted parent. A far more sophisticated and witty comedy was *Reluctant Chickens*, a subtle British film about unfortunate parents whose offspring refuse to depart from the nest. This did not provoke belly laughter, but it was very good indeed.

My paranoiac Orthodox friends still complain that somebody in Israel Television, responsible for programming, is out to get them. Certainly anybody who switches on to *Mama Malone* on Saturday evening is entitled to believe that some fiend, delegated by Lucifer to invent new tortures for mankind, has taken over the television station.

But this ghastly monstrosity of a show is not the basic reason for the Orthodox complaint. They maintain that the programmes are so designed that on Friday night there is a long film made for the cinema — usually a good one which they would like to see — while on Saturday night there is only a slight 50-minute diversion made for television. They want long films, even if this involves the supreme sacrifice of giving up *Mama Malone*.

They have a strong case, which I urge the powers in Television House to consider. Of course, often the Friday night films are not as good as my wistful Orthodox friends think they are. The fields across the river always look greener.

The nature of things



D'vora Ben Shaul

OGDEN NASH may have hit the funny-bone of the world with his rhyme about the "peculiar pelican, whose beak can hold more than his bellican..." but to Israel's fish farmers the big hungry bird is no joke.

Pelicans are just one of the many species of birds that stop over in Israel for a rest and a feed before winging their way to Africa where they spend the winter months. But pelicans, in contrast to the helpful



storks that eat mostly mice and insects, are a voracious lot and each one can consume as much as two-and-a-half kilograms of fish a day. At today's prices, feeding several thousand pelicans is indeed a burden on the resources of the fishpond keepers. No other migrator or winter visitor extracts such a fee, save the starlings which, during their winter residence, consume many tons of animal grain concentrates.

Pelicans, aside from that, are lovable, enjoyable creatures, sort of clowns among the big birds, and when you see them waddling about with their ungainly shape and their out-sized beak with "fishing basket" attached, it is hard to imagine their swift elegance in the air. Since their wings are also bigger than average they swoop and glide with the grace of a swallow.

The birds are so endearing that even the hard-pressed fish farmers have gone out of their way not to harm them while keeping them away from the fish. The few who have illegally killed pelicans acted more from sheer frustration than from real malice. For some reason neither the local nature protection authorities nor the international societies have ever seriously considered the plight of the fish farmers and offered them compensation for this clearly "natural loss." A programme of this sort would save the lives of many pelicans and would be a major step in ensuring their protection.

In the meantime the fish farmers have to guard their ponds and be consoled by the fact that the big birds only stay here for about 10 days to two weeks before moving on. They will, however, be back in the spring on their way to Europe, where they will nest and raise their young who will be big enough for migration next winter.

WHILE EVERYBODY is busy worrying about the cost of heating for winter, I'm going to direct attention to winter safety in homes. Fuel is dear, but life is priceless.

Statistics show that two-thirds of the accidental fires in Israel occur in wintertime. Summer fires are generally the outdoor variety, while winter fires typically occur in homes. There is also increased danger of electrocution, asphyxiation and gas explosion in winter.

For tips on prevention, I went to the Institute for Occupational Safety and Hygiene, affiliated with the Labour Ministry, and talked to André Matias, the head of its educational department.

The first thing he told me was that virtually any method of home heating can be safe if used properly. "I do not recall cases where heating appliances spontaneously set rooms on fire without a reason. The human factor is in blame in 99 per cent of accidents."

There is no end to the foolish things people sometimes do, often in the name of economy. Matias recalls the almost unbelievable story of a man who placed a kerosene burner under his gas cylinder in an attempt to force out more gas. While it is true that warming a gas balloon can help to expel cold gas settled at the bottom, the safe way is to pour boiling water over the cylinder. Matias explains.

THERE IS a long list of common mistakes people make with electrical appliances. One of the most common is using extension cords to move heaters farther from their wall sockets, which increases the risk of faulty connections. Appliances should always be plugged directly into a wall socket. If there is need for a longer reach, the original cord should be replaced by a qualified electrician.

No heater, not even an electric one, should be placed near flammable materials such as curtains or furniture.

Under no circumstances should an electric heater be moved into a bathroom by means of a long cord. There is good reason why Israeli law forbids the installation of any electric socket in a bathroom: the body's resistance to electric shock is greatly decreased when wet. The only electric heaters permissible in bathrooms are the specially-insulated ones which hang high on the wall and must be connected to the wiring system by a qualified electrician. These are turned on and off by a string made of non-conducting material.

When buying such a heater, or any other made-in-Israel appliance, check to see that it carries the *tav taken* (standard emblem) of the Israel Standards Institution. Samples of all imported appliances are supposed to undergo safety testing here, but the imports do not carry the Israeli emblem. Many, however, carry a safety emblem of their home country of origin.

SOME OF Matias' advice about the proper use of electricity is elementary, but there is no harm in repeating it:

Always have dry hands when using electrical appliances, and that includes switching lights on and off. Don't be barefoot. Shoes or slippers with rubber, synthetic rubber or plastic soles are preferable, as these are non-conducting materials. Wet leather soles can be dangerous. Standing on a carpet rather than a bare floor also gives some protection against electric shock.

When you disconnect an appliance, never pull on the cord. Use one hand to pull the plastic plug, the other to press the socket cover firmly



Safe and snug

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

to the wall. Always disconnect an appliance before cleaning it.

Electric heaters should be dusted with a dry cloth. As for the heating element itself, it is preferable to clean it with a hand-held vacuum cleaner rather than dust it with a cloth. Frayed cords and wobbly plugs should be replaced promptly by a qualified professional.

SOME HOUSEHOLD appliances, especially hand-held ones, come equipped with double insulation, identified by an international symbol consisting of a square within a square. These appliances have a two-pronged plug, and that is all they require. You will not increase their safety by attempting to change this to three prongs, says Matias; on the contrary, you will make them more hazardous. Many hair-dryers fall into this category, and hand-held drills must by law have such double insulation.

PREVENTION IS better than cure. All safety advisers agree that every home and workplace should have an anti-electrocution device affixed to the fuse box.

Electricity works in a circle, and the output and inflow should balance. When an appliance is faulty, or a body is absorbing an electric shock, an imbalance occurs. This gadget — called an earth leakage relay device — shuts off the entire supply of current to the household almost instantaneously. A person may still get a mild shock, but supposedly not enough to harm him.

Some householders complain that this device is a nuisance, because it

switches off at the slightest provocation when nothing seems to be wrong with any appliance.

André Matias explains what sometimes happens: several appliances may be operating smoothly, each with a tiny "leakage" of electricity. But turning on just one more appliance simultaneously might push the total imbalance over the danger point and trigger the device. Sometimes this occurs if one appliance is slightly damp, as when an oven has just been cleaned. Disconnecting one appliance temporarily, or waiting a short time, will probably correct the matter.

If a particular appliance persists in triggering the safety device, it should be checked by a qualified electrician.

MATIAS HAS two qualifications about this anti-electrocution device. It should be checked by the household once a month to make sure it is in working order. In one corner, there appears the letter "T" (for "testing") next to a button. You should push it once a month to make sure it switches off the electricity. This also gives the device the occasional exercise required to prevent its deterioration.

Secondly, do not over-rely on your anti-electrocution device. It is a "second line of defence," not a substitute for caution in the use of electricity.

Such a device, with professional installation, can cost about IS\$30,000 today. Matias reminds the public that, under Israeli law, only a licensed electrician is permitted to make any alteration whatsoever in

an electrical wiring system, or repair or alter an appliance. By the strict letter of the law, this even applies to such a simple procedure as replacing a fuse wire. Laymen can make mistakes in retreading a fuse, such as using a wire too heavy for the intended purpose. Some people even make the ghastly mistake of using a bent paper-clip in place of proper fuse wire. A fuse is a protective device too. If the wire is too thick, the fuse will not blow when it should, but will continue working and probably cause a fire elsewhere in the wiring.

Since few people wish to call an electrician every time a fuse blows, the safest thing is to install a modern semi-automatic fuse box. When a fuse blows, a switch drops down. The fuse can be repaired by flipping up the switch. Replacement of an old-style fuse box with a modern one costs around IS\$50,000. The anti-electrocution device is extra.

It is possible to replace individual old-style fuses with modern semi-automatic switch-type fuses. Although this costs less, it is not recommended, because these fuses are easily, and frequently, stolen.

A PHRASE which André Matias repeats frequently is "Don't improvise with electricity and electrical appliances." Jerry-built heaters put together by people who think they understand electricity, but don't, are the most apt to cause accidents. And if you have an appliance which has not been in use for a long time, especially if it is not very new, have it checked by an electrician.

While Matias did not mention them specifically, electric undersheets for beds, such as are popular in Israel, require a periodic professional checking. The two major local manufacturers, Sachs and Enka, whose products are under Standards Institution supervision, both recommend that electric undersheets be brought for free testing once every two years, even if nothing appears to be wrong with them. It does not take much imagination to recognize the potential danger of a faulty electric bedsheet. When in good order and used according to the instructions, they are considered a safe product. Both Sachs' and Enka's products carry a three-year guarantee, after which there is a fee for repair, but not for the routine test. To find out where to check Sachs' products, phone 03-228844 and for Enka, 03-352141.

Never should an electric over-blanket be used underneath the sheet, nor an electric under-sheet be used as a blanket. These are two entirely different products, each with its own proper function. KEROSENE HEATERS have been given a bad name, mainly because they are often used improperly. Kerosene fuel, Matias warns, must be stored properly — which means out of reach of children and in containers which cannot be confused with beverage bottles. Kerosene should not be stored in glass. Nor should it ever be used for treating head lice. If you have a large outdoor container of kerosene for a space heater, it should be checked frequently for leaks.

Kerosene heaters should be cleaned at the start of winter, and once a month throughout the season. These stoves should be filled and lighted outside the flat, in a hallway or on a balcony. Do not fill them quite to the top. Pull the lighted stove into the house carefully. Many modern models have built-in wheels for this purpose. Separate platforms on wheels are not recommended for use under these heaters, as they may not stand level. Never

add kerosene once the stove is burning. A kerosene stove should not stand in a passageway where someone could trip on it; nor in a draught, which could blow out the flame, nor near a flammable object.

Kerosene heating requires ventilation, both because the flame absorbs oxygen and because it emits poisonous fumes. A window must be left open and the heater must be extinguished at night.

Every winter there are horror stories of people going to sleep with a kerosene heater burning — and never waking up again.

Do not hang laundry on or near an open-flame heater — or a heating appliance of any kind, with the single possible exception of an oil-filled electric radiator — which is one of the few heating devices considered safe to leave on all night.

MANY OF THE same rules apply to open-flame gas heating as to portable kerosene heaters. Don't go to sleep with a gas heater burning, and always have a window open when it is in use.

Don't use long rubber tubing to enable you to move an open-flame gas heater from place to place. If you must move it around, have a technician install additional points where needed. Two metres should be the maximum length of the tubing. Check it frequently for leaks.

New gas heaters sold in Israel are required to have a built-in device which shuts off the gas supply should the flame go out accidentally. Older models may lack this safety feature.

The greatest danger with gas is explosion. The tiniest spark could be enough to set off an explosion if there is a serious leakage. If you sense gas leaking, do not turn on or off any electrical appliance, not even a simple light switch. Last winter, Matias recalls, a man woke up, smelled gas, switched on a bedside lamp — and the entire flat exploded. It is wise to keep a battery-powered flashlight to hand — for use in our frequent winter power failures, if nothing else.

When lighting a gas stove, for heating or cooking, first light the match, then turn on the gas. And keep your head away from the burner.

THERE SHOULD be a small fire extinguisher in every home, Matias advises. If it is the type with powder inside, it must be checked annually. Which brings me back to the matter of electrocution.

If you find someone being electrocuted, the first thing to do is separate the person from the source of the current — but only by means of a non-conducting material or you may be electrocuted too. Take some non-metallic object, such as a wooden broom handle, or something rubber, plastic or ceramic. Thus armed, administer a blow either to the person or to the appliance to separate them.

An alternative method is to switch off the supply of electricity to the entire household at source, if this can be done very quickly.

This is no place for a dissertation on first aid, but Matias does suggest that at least one member of a household should have some first-aid training in artificial respiration and chest massage. Magen David Adom throughout the country gives a four-hour course in this for IS\$2,500 — and it's a valuable skill not only in cases of electrocution, but also in cases of heart attack, choking, etc.

Incidentally, the price given last week for a 3-kilo bag of Sod laundry powder in the Carmel Market should have been IS\$3,300.

Have a safe and snug winter. Martha Meisels